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JANUARY 7, 1899

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GRAPHIC, JANUARY 7, 1899



EQUESTRIAN PORTRAIT OF DON BALTHAZAR CARLOS.
FROM THE PICTURE BY VELASQUEZ IN THE MUSEO DEL PRADO

THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,519—Vol. LIX.] EDITION
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1899

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT
"Portrait of Don Balthazar Carlos," by Velasquez

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post, 9½d.



This sketch, which is drawn from life, seems to sum up the whole of the Dreyfus question. The sentry keeping guard at the closed door of the Cour de Cassation is typical of the attitude of

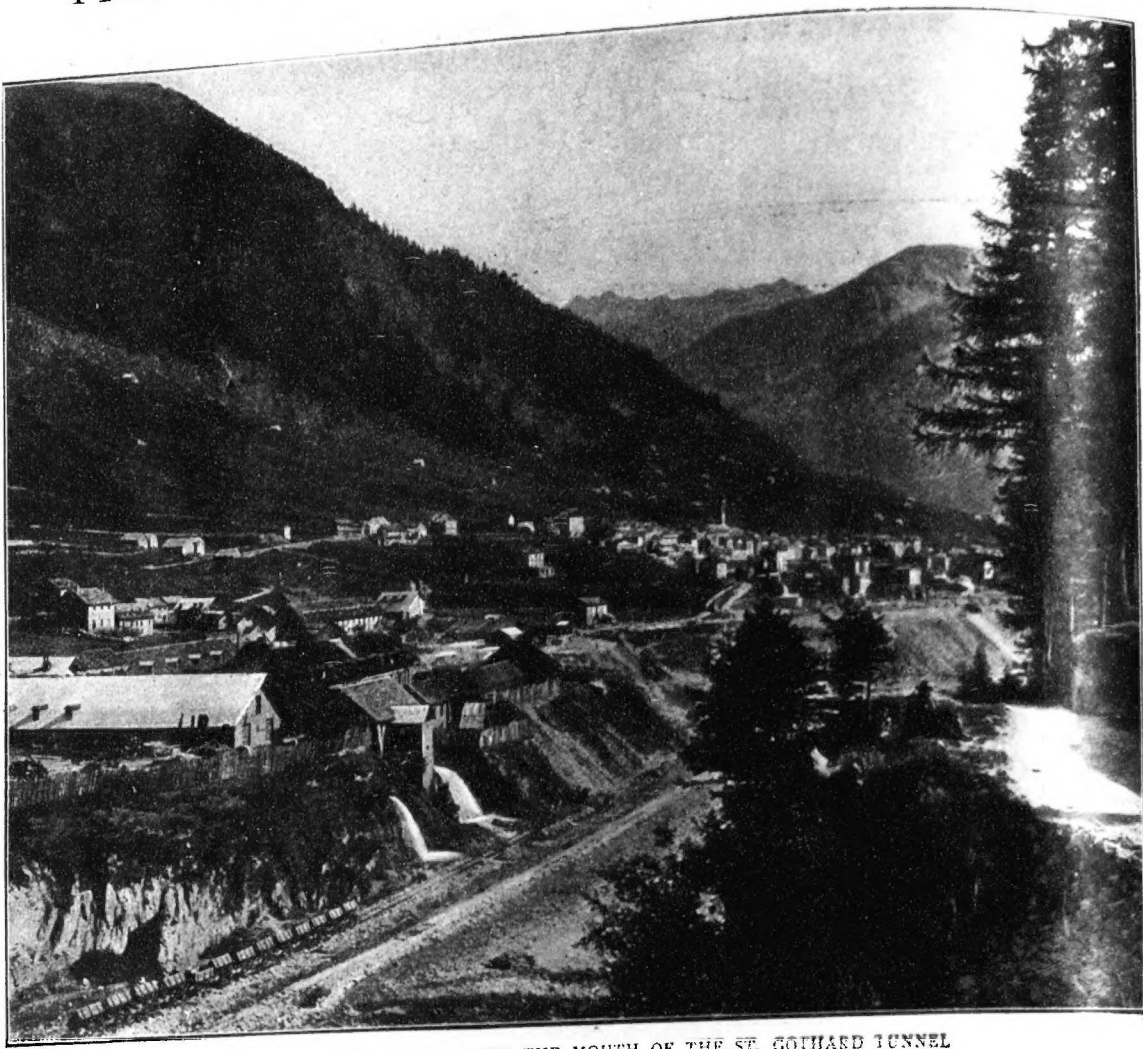
the Army. The sentry prevents the public from entering the Court, and the Army tries to prevent the nation from judging for themselves of the justice of Dreyfus's condemnation.

THE GUARDED DOOR

SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY PAUL RENOARD

Topics of the Week

It is very clear that the Hispano-American Treaty of Peace, which was submitted to the United States Senate last Wednesday, is only an incident of a great political movement, the full consequence of which have not been foreseen. Although Mr. McKinley talks to-day very eloquently of the power, the valour and the expansive force of the United States, we doubt whether he had any inkling of the results to which his declaration of war against Spain would lead, or whether even now he has measured all the difficulties of the new career on which he has launched the Great Republic. The war had one definite purpose—the liberation and pacification of Cuba—and this purpose was ostensibly and primarily inspired, not by considerations of humanity, but by motives of local and internal politics. The misgovernment of Cuba offended the Americans because it was a nuisance at their own doors, a source of demoralisation within their own boundaries, and a cause of complications in their foreign policy which they desired to maintain within narrow and simple limits. It is interesting to recall these facts at the present moment, for there is no more astonishing contrast in history than that of the motives of the Hispano-American War and its results. We are far from suggesting any reflection on the sincerity of President McKinley and his advisers. They have, no doubt, been the instruments of forces which they could not control. The hour for expansion had sounded, though they probably knew it not. On the other hand, the condition of the Spanish Colonial Empire was such that one could not lay violent hands on any corner of it without bringing down the whole edifice, and thus necessarily involving the conqueror in unanticipated responsibilities. Nothing of this was foreseen at the White House, and the consequence is that the United States finds itself with an Empire on its hands, and with not a very clear idea of what it is going to do with it. It has to face both practical and moral difficulties of the most formidable kind. In the first place it wants an adequate machinery for dealing with its new dependencies. It wants a Colonial Administration and a large disciplined regular army. These things are not supplied in a day, even in a land of such amazing resources as the United States. But, besides this, it has to adopt a policy which runs counter to all the fundamental ideas of the American Commonwealth. In Hawaii and the Philippines it will have to govern alien peoples on principles of conquest and subjugation. This state of affairs already exists in Hawaii, where the independence of the natives has been extinguished although it had produced an orderly Government of its own. In the Philippines it will be complicated by other difficulties, for if these islands are to become American they will have to be reconquered, and the task will be neither easy nor bloodless. The situation in the Philippines is indeed a very grave one. The Americans have obtained from the Spaniards the cession of the Archipelago, but they have really succeeded to less than the Spaniards themselves held. What will they do? To make terms with the Filipinos will mean to hand over the islands to a Government which will be



THE VILLAGE OF AIROLO FROM THE MOUTH OF THE ST. GOTTHARD TUNNEL
THE LANDSLIP IN SWITZERLAND

but a slight remove from savagery—ininitely worse than that which was maintained by the Spaniards. To fight and conquer will be a difficult business, which will encounter no small opposition in the United States itself, where the Anti-Imperialist League is actively at work. It is a pity that Mr. McKinley has taken no steps to indicate to the country that he is alive to these difficulties, and that he has a large and well-considered policy for dealing with the new departure in the affairs of the Republic.

The Queen at Osborne

THE New Year is generally ushered in at Osborne with some slight festivity. New Year's Day falling on a Sunday this year, however, the usual dinner party was held on New Year's Eve, followed by an instrumental concert from the band of the Royal Marine Light Infantry. For the first time young Prince Alexander and Princess Ena of Battenberg joined their elders at dinner, while the Bishop of Ripon and Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain were among the Queen's guests. In honour, too, of the anniversary of the Queen's proclamation as Empress of India, several Indian dishes appear at the New Year's dinner. Telegrams and letters with

New Year's greetings pour in from absent members of the Royal Family at home and abroad. Her Majesty bestows many New Year's gifts, both privately and officially. For instance, over 1,000 of the Windsor poor received beef, coals, and clothing, the beef being given away in the Riding School at Windsor Castle in joints varying from 3 lb. to 7 lb. The School was gallily beflagged for the distribution, and the beef decked with holly was arranged on tables down the centre. Another dinner party was given at Osborne on Monday, when the Queen's private band played before Her Majesty and her guests after dinner.

There have been several changes in the Royal gathering at Osborne. Princess Louise and her husband left on Saturday, and the Empress Frederick followed this week, their place being taken by the Duchess of Albany, with her son and daughter. Before leaving for town, the Empress Frederick went over to Portsmouth to inspect St. Mary's, Portsea, of which she laid the foundation stone eleven years ago. After lunching with Sir Michael and Lady Culme Seymour at Admiralty House, the Empress opened the new Jubilee buildings of the Royal Sailors' Rest at Landport, and was greatly interested in going over the "Rest" under Miss Agnes Weston's guidance. The Empress is now spending a few days in town before leaving England early next week. She has been here nearly three months, and now proposes to make a short visit to Bordighera. It is ten years since Her Majesty visited the Riviera, when the Emperor Frederick spent the last winter of his life at San Remo.

The Sandringham house-party for the New Year is quite a family gathering, the Duchess of Fife and her husband remaining on with the Prince and Princess of Wales, while Prince Alexander of Teck stayed with the Duke and Duchess of York at York Cottage. The Duke and Duchess have now left for Brighton with their family. Beyond the usual round of country amusements there has been little doing at Sandringham. The Prince and Princess of Wales will be in town again next week, though probably the Princess will spend most of this month at Sandringham.

The Landslip in Switzerland

THE little village of Airolo, which was the scene of a terrible landslip, is situated near the Italian end of the St. Gotthard Tunnel. The population of the village is less than 2,000. To the west of Airolo, where the river Ticino has its source, is the imposing Pizze Rotondo group, the highest of the St. Gotthard, and a difficult ascent of some eight or ten hours for experts only. We are enabled to produce our first sketch of the village through the courtesy of Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son. The inhabitants had for a long time been uneasy about the Sasso Rosso, a mountain of about 3,500 feet above the village, which threatened to overwhelm the hamlet, and on Tuesday recently proceeded to Airolo to examine the situation. The avalanche was precipitated by severe frosts. Rock began to fall on the morning last week, and continued until midday, and on the following day several masses fell, crashing into the village from overhanging crags, destroying the hotel and several houses. The debris of the avalanche covers nearly a square mile. It is a wonderful thing that the loss of life was not more heavy, as it was three people were killed. The people whose houses were near seemed to have feared a disaster, and to have moved their goods out of danger. The damage done to the village is estimated at a million francs. Steps are being taken to save the village from further disaster, by undermining the rocks which still threaten to fall. In the meantime, the inhabitants whose houses have been overwhelmed, are encamped near the Church.



BY C. J. STANILAND, R.L.
THE VILLAGE OF AIROLO AS IT APPEARED AFTER THE DISASTER
THE LANDSLIP IN SWITZERLAND
FROM A SKETCH BY P. JAMIN

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

THE recent catastrophe at Airolo, on the other side of the St. Gothard Pass, awakens many recollections in my mind. Airolo was my first introduction to Italy. As it happens the village is in Switzerland, but it is the sunny side of the pass, it has an Italian name and many Italian characteristics. I visited the place first of all many years ago, when I made my first Continental trip, when we did a great deal of walking and a considerable amount of knapsack carrying. Nowadays nobody walks, and if they take a knapsack they get someone to carry it for them. I am inclined to think if I dragged a knapsack over the St. Gothard at the present time I might be disposed to do it vicariously, and I am quite certain that I should stop a good many more times to look at the view than I did in those bygone days of which I speak. But in the period alluded to our hearts were as light as our pockets, we had tremendous spirits, and we generally managed to make a franc go as far as most people, with the twenty-five per cent. of amusement we got out of the operation. Cannot I recall the delight of that gradual descent into Italy! How after leaving Airolo we presently found chestnut trees—a vast relief after passing from granite to grass and from grass to pines—and then at Faido we saw vines and noted the inscriptions in various tongues on the hotel there as if they had been painted by a cosmopolitan lunatic, and how we afterwards passed from French, German, through German-French and Swiss *patois*, through Italian-French and Italian-German into a Lombardian lingo, and eventually found ourselves well-nigh tired out as we lounged in the balcony of the Albergo della Corona at Locarno, and gazed upon a magnificent sunset across the Lago Maggiore.

For many years past have I been waging war against the hooded cart, and calling attention to the difficulties and dangers it causes in the London streets, and only a fortnight ago I again lifted up my voice with regard to its iniquities. I am, therefore, especially pleased to find Mr. John Hollingshead has somewhat to say on the same subject in last week's *Sketch*. Says the vigorous writer alluded to, "It goes where it likes, when it likes and how it likes, as long as it appears to observe in some degree the rule of the road. Its driver is securely embedded in packages and covered with a suit of impenetrable armour. If he commits an offence sufficient to arouse the attention of a mud-spattered policeman on point duty, he is as difficult to get at as a Whitstable diver in a diving-bell." This is all true enough, and it will probably be found the class of vehicles alluded to are more responsible than any others for street accidents. Since the motor-car has joined the hooded ranks it undoubtedly behoves the authorities to take stringent and immediate measures for the public safety.

A merry writer in *The News* has some remarks with regard to my proposition that we should all sit on the floor. He seems to think that there are some drawbacks to so sensible a proceeding. He asks:—"Does he as a bysitter on the floor enjoy immunity from draughts, which, up to now, have rendered stools advantageous in keeping one's feet warm? Does he suffer from rheumatism? If so is relief to be found in cunningly arranged cushions?" Why certainly! This writer even objects to my "specially devised low tea-table." "How," says he, "would the waiting be done? I fancy there would be occasions when the soup might descend down a visitor's neck or the cauliflower decorate his bald pate." Don't quite like this allusion to cauliflowers on bald pates, and besides I do not propose to give my visitors cauliflowers and soup for tea, either for inward or outward application. This scoffing scribe concludes by saying he is willing to admit the truth of my assertion that you can't fall off the floor, and he significantly asks whether I am "in the habit of falling off chairs and sofas?" Not often, I admit, but I think it is always wise to provide against contingencies. I propose to start a society to carry out my idea. It will be called "The Flooral Club," and all the chairs will be without legs.

When a collection of poems or papers bearing on a particular subject appears it is common enough to hear the editor blamed by reviewers for its incompleteness. You frequently find the question asked why So-and-so, or Such-a-one, leading authorities on the subject, have not been included? And yet the editor is very frequently not to blame. No modern pieces can be included without the assent of the owner of the copyright, be it the author or the publisher, without running the risk of an action at law. This assent is not always easy to obtain. I believe the late Lord Tennyson would under no circumstances give it. There are some who will not permit their works to be made use of without a substantial fee, and if the publisher will not give it they are unrepresented in the collection. Authors of note are quite right to make this charge, for without them such books could not exist, and up to recently they were the only people concerned in the volume who did not get a penny out of it. If a bookseller were to write to a well-known author and say he was about to open a new shop, and he would like a present of a few of his best books to put in the window, it would come to about the same thing. This kind of extraction from British authors is very popular in America, where, of course, one cannot do anything unless the work has been previously published and protected in that country. And naturally the author is powerless if such precautions are omitted. But once let the volume be published in this country, he can stop it pretty promptly.

It must be at least ten years ago, noting the inability of people of the present time to amuse themselves, and always being obliged to pay someone to do it for them, I proposed, in the columns of a popular journal, that there should be a theatre-car attached to some of the principal railway trains, and I also drew up a suitable programme for various journeys. Of course my notion was flouted as absolutely idiotic. Therefore I am delighted to see in a recent number of the *World* that, "A new and up-to-date revival of the Thespian art is said to be in contemplation in the form of a travelling 'theatre-car,' to be attached to trains making long journeys, to the end that passengers may be enabled to beguile their time *en route* by witnessing fully equipped dramatic performances." The fact is I am a little bit too much in advance of my time. If I am only content to wait I shall probably see a few more of my "absolutely idiotic" ideas carried out.

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DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.L.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. G. KRUGER, CANEA

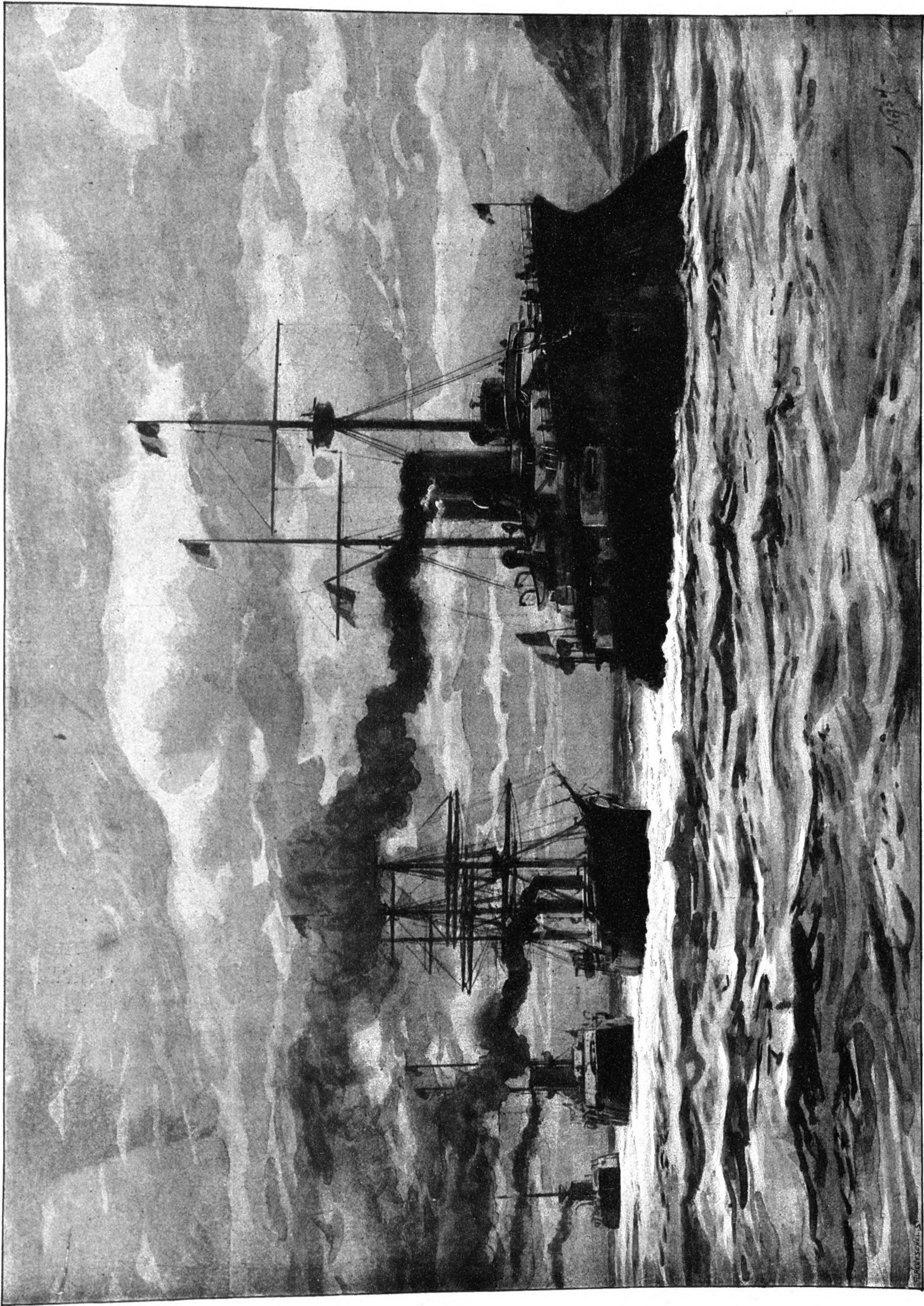
PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE BEING RECEIVED BY THE ADMIRALS ON LANDING AT SUDA BAY
THE ARRIVAL OF THE NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER IN CRETE

THE ARRIVAL OF PRINCE GEORGE
IN CRETE

AFTER a struggle extending over centuries Crete has at length received a ruler of her own. Prince George of Greece has been welcomed by the people he is to govern in a fashion worthy of an event of such great importance in the history of the island. In beautiful weather, at about eight o'clock in the morning, the international squadron of flagships—the *Bugeaud* (French), with Prince George on board, the *Morosini* (Italian), the *Duke of Edinburgh* (Russian) and H.M.S. *Revenge*, appeared off Suda Island, on which the Turkish flag was flying, and entered the harbour. Shortly afterwards

a force of bluejackets and marines from the flagships arrived at the Arsenal, where the new High Commissioner's escort, composed of mounted detachments of the gendarmerie organised by the Powers, was drawn up. At a quarter past nine Admirals Pottier, Noel, Skrydloff, and Bettolo came ashore, and at half-past Prince George, wearing the uniform of a Greek Vice-Admiral, left the *Bugeaud* and embarked in a steam launch flying the new Cretan ensign at the stern. At this moment the four flagships hoisted the Cretan flag at their main-masts, and fired salutes of twenty-one guns. The Prince, on landing, shook hands with the Admirals, and then inspected the guard of honour. A procession was then formed, which was headed by Russian and French,

and followed by English and Italian gendarmerie, to march to Canea. The road was crowded with people in the highest state of enthusiasm, Prince George being acclaimed on all sides. The procession drew up near the Cathedral, and the Prince alighted, and with the Admirals entered the Church, where the clergy, Consular Corps, and Christian leaders were awaiting him. A *Te Deum* was then sung, the Bishops of Canea, Ketimo, Mirabello, and Selino officiating. After the service a reception was held at the Konak, where the new Cretan ensign was hoisted, together with the flags of the four Powers. At the end of the reception Prince George appeared at a window and addressed the crowd before he left for his residence at Halepa.



"BUGEAUD"
(French)

"DUKE OF EDINBURGH"
(Russian)

H.M.S. "REVENGE"

"MOROSINI"
(Italian)

DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.L.

ARRIVAL OF PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE ON BOARD THE FRENCH FLAGSHIP "BUGEAUD" IN SUDA BAY
THE INTERNATIONAL FLAGSHIP SQUADRON ESCORTING THE NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER OF CRETE

FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT H. ESCOFFER, R.N.



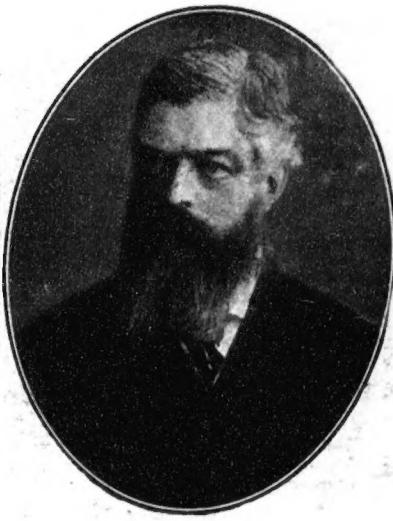
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New Peer



LORD CROMER
New Viscount



SIR HENRY HAWKINS
New Peer



SIR J. R. BAILEY
New Peer



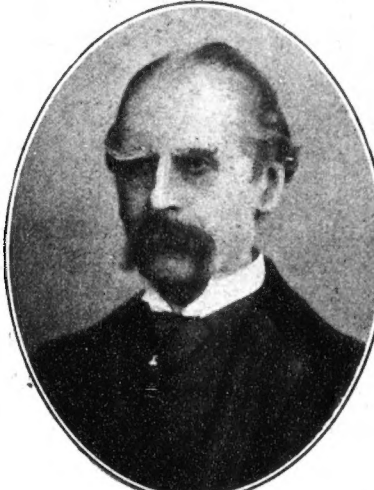
SIR PHILIP CURRIE
New Peer



MR. W. H. HORNBY, M.P.
New Baronet



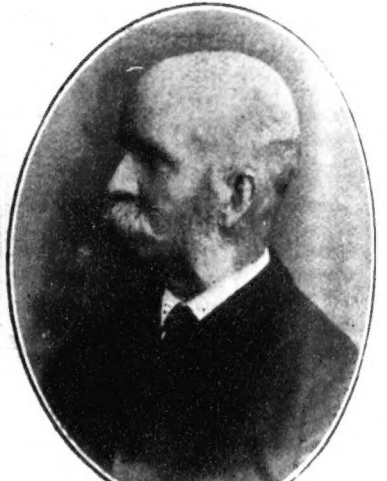
MR. F. T. BARRY, M.P.
New Baronet



SIR HENRY THOMPSON
New Baronet



MR. J. MURRAY SCOTT
New Baronet



MR. JOHN FURLEY
New Knight



MR. EDWARD LAWRENCE
New Knight



MR. H. E. OAKELEY
New Knight



DR. HERMANN WEBER
New Knight



DR. PLUNKETT O'FARRELL
New Knight



SIR C. LENNOX PEEL, K.C.B.
Promoted to be G.C.B.



SIR HUGH OWEN, K.C.B.
Promoted to be G.C.B.



MR. CAREY KNYVETT, C.B.
Promoted to be K.C.B.



MR. EDWARD WINGFIELD, C.B.
Promoted to be K.C.B.

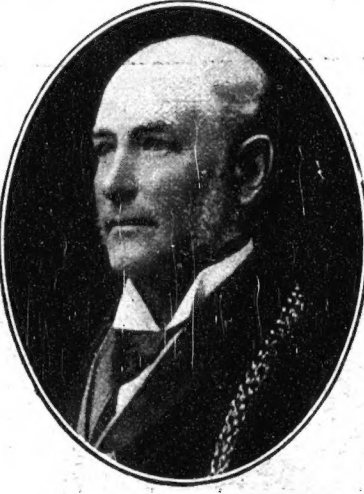
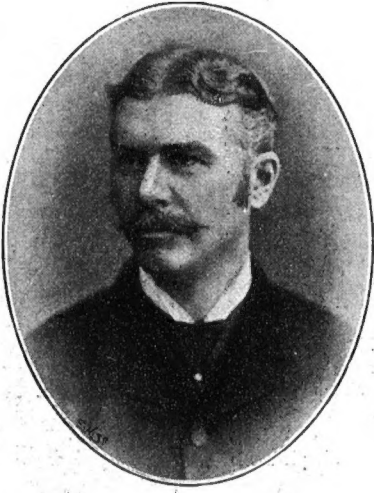
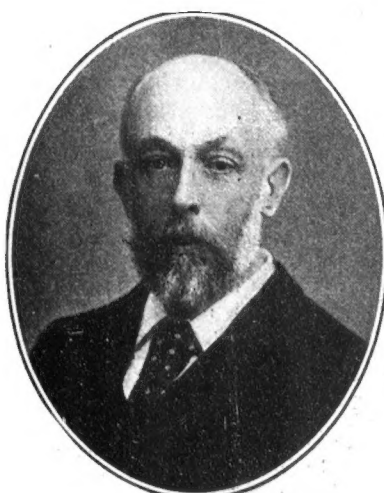
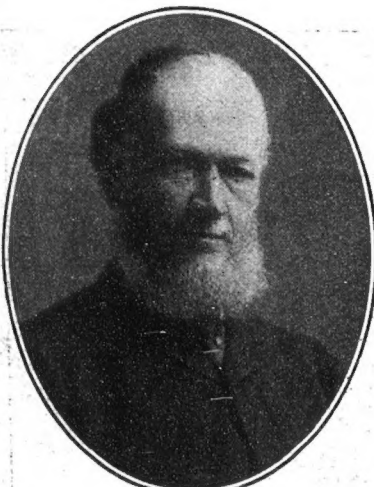


MR. HENRY PRIMROSE, C.B.
Promoted to be K.C.B.



PROF. W. C. ROBERTS AUSTEN, C.B.
Promoted to be K.C.B.

RECIPIENTS OF NEW YEAR HONOURS



Our portraits are from photographs as follows:—Mr. Nevile Lubbock, Professor Roberts-Austen, Mr. W. T. Thistlethorn Dyer, Mr. T. Gurdon, and Sir T. B. Buxton, by Elliott and Fry; Viscount Hampden, Mr. Barry, Sir Henry Thompson, Mr. W. H. Hornby and Sir J. R. Bailey, by Russell and Sons; Mr. Carey Knyvet and Mr. Edward Wingfield, by Bassano; Sir Henry Hawkins and Major-General Sir H. Chermise by the London Stereoscopic Company; Dr. Hermann Weber, by Barrauds; Mr. Henry Primrose, by Maull and Fox; Dr. Plunkett O'Farrell, by Lafayette; Sir Hugh Owen, by Van der Weyde; Mr. John Furley, by Lombardi and Co.; Sir C. L. Peel, by A. J. Melhuish; the Lord Mayor of Belfast, by Allison; the Mayor of Londonderry, by Aytton, Londonderry; Mr. Oakeley, by O. Mayer, Dresden; Mr. Lawrence, by Le Lieure, Rome; Lord Cromer and Boutros Pasha, by Heyman, Cairo; Sir John Madden, by the Vanduyck Studios, Melbourne; and the Lord Provost of Glasgow, by W. Ralston, Glasgow.

"Don Balthazar Carlos," by Velasquez

DON DIEGO RODRIGUEZ DE SILVA Y VELASQUEZ¹ to accord the master his full style and title—painted at least eight portraits of Don Balthazar Carlos, son of Philip the Fourth of Spain. For Balthazar was the King's first-born and Velasquez was Court painter, and it was for the sake of history, if not of the State, that the sturdy importance of the young heir should be relegated to canvas at frequent intervals. So Velasquez painted him when he was three years old, in a grey silk frock with a sword at his side—the picture in the Wallace collection. He painted him when he was four, on horseback, the two versions of the picture being in the Wallace Collection and at Buckingham Palace. Again he painted him twice in one year, when he was six—the first time when the young prince was six, galloping on a chestnut horse, and the second standing in a hunting-dress beside a tree; and twice again when he was ten—in a black dress, standing beside a chair. Of this the original is at the Vienna Gallery and a replica in the collection of Mr. Marquand of New York. Once more was Balthazar painted, at the age of twelve, taking his riding lesson in the courtyard of the palace—the most accessible version of the picture being one of the finest works in the Duke of Westminster's superb Grosvenor Gallery. There is besides yet another standing portrait in the Wallace collection.

The picture now before the reader is the chief of the two which show the young sinner as six years old, and the canvas hangs in the Prado Museum of Madrid. Copies, if not actual replicas of the portrait, are included in the Dulwich Gallery and in the Hermitage of St. Petersburg. The picture is enlivened in colour by the bright crimson scarf which floats behind the boy; and in spite of the conventional attitude of the prancing steed, the work is one of the most brilliant examples of Velasquez' second manner. This picture, which was painted in 1635 (and which is seven feet in height and five feet eight inches in width) was wrought four years after Velasquez had paid his famous first visit to Italy to enlarge his artistic intelligence; and in the portrait of Balthazar Carlos we have not only all his own native fire, but also the added knowledge and taste that he had gained from that Italian tour—which he had undertaken at the advice of Rubens and with the permission of the King. This picture is numbered 332 in the gallery of the Prado.

The frequent representation of this fine young boy has its pathetic side, for the pictures are practically the only mark he was destined to make on the history of his country. His fate was to figure only in the annals of art, not of statesmanship, for he did not live to succeed to his father's throne. He died of smallpox in Saragossa at the age of seventeen, and his heart is preserved in the Cathedral of the Seu.



THE PROCESSION IN CANEA: ON THE WAY TO THE KONAK

The Pathology of Mountaineering.

SINCE Jean André de Luc, the pioneer of the snow peaks, spent the best years of an active life in experimenting to ascertain at what temperature water would boil at any given altitude, the best mountaineers have generally had some ulterior motive in the way of scientific discovery. For the moment the problem of mountain sickness is the one which excites the widest interest; not unnaturally, seeing that on the solution of it depends the answer to the practical question whether man will ever succeed in setting foot upon the most elevated plateaus of the globe. The alleged ascent of Kabru, a Himalayan peak of 24,000 feet—by Mr. W. W. Graham was, perhaps, the first fact that made the controversy lively. For Mr. Graham declared that, at the high altitude he suffered no inconvenience from the diminution of atmospheric pressure; and Sir William Conway—who took a sphygmograph with him to the top of Pioneer Peak—declares that this is nonsense, and that Mr. Graham must have been mistaken in his sphygmography, and have mixed up Kabru with some inferior eminence. The dispute has given actuality to some numbers of the *Alpine Journal*, and makes Professor Angelo Mosso's contribution to the scientific side of the subject particularly interesting. Professor Mosso's book is the chronicle of an experiment. Attended by two soldiers, he spent ten days in the refuge hut at the top of Monte Rosa, and went into the matter thoroughly with the aid of delicate scientific instruments—a sphygmomanometer, an ergograph, a gas-meter and a gutta-percha mask for the measurement of the amount of air inspired, etc. As a result he has got together a great mass of information concerning the effect of rarefied air upon the pulse, the temperature of the blood, the functional operations of the heart, the power of the muscles, and the like. It is not, perhaps, set forth in a style that makes it easy reading for the multitude; but it has an important bearing on the points which have already been discussed by Mr. Clinton Dent, Mr. Edward Whymper, and Sir William Conway. The general reader will be more interested in the author's new contributions to the history of mountaineering. From a private letter he gives an account, never previously published, of an ascent of Mount Demavend, in the Elburz Range, near Teheran, by Professor Lessona of Turin, in 1862; and he reproduces a new view of Monte Rosa from the Gressoney side—a painting in distemper presented by Zumstein in 1824 to the Academy of Sciences of Turin. The task of translation has been competently executed by Mr. E. Lough Kiesow.

* "Life of Man in the High Alps." By Angelo Mosso. (Unwin.)



Admiral Noel

Admiral Pottier

Admiral Skrydloff

Admiral Bettolo

PRINCE GEORGE AND THE FOUR ADMIRALS IN THE KONAK OR TOWN HALL IN CANEA

THE ARRIVAL OF THE NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER IN CRETE.

From Photographs by R. G. Kruger, Canea

WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES

BY H. G. WELLS

Author of "The Wonderful Visit," "The War of the Worlds," and "The Invisible Man"

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CHAPTER I.

INSOMNIA

ONE afternoon, at low water, Mr. Isbister, a young artist lodging at Boscastle, walked from that place to the picturesque cove of Pentargen, desiring to examine the caves there. Half way down the precipitous path to the Pentargen beach he came round a mass of rock upon a man in an attitude of profound distress.

This man was seated on a projecting ledge of slate, his hands hung limply over his knees, his eyes were red, and his face was wet with tears.

At Isbister's footfall he glanced round. Both men were disconcerted, Isbister the more so, and, to override the awkwardness of his involuntary pause, he remarked, with an air of mature conviction, that the weather was hot for the time of year.

"Very," answered the stranger shortly, hesitated a second, and added in a colourless tone, "I can't sleep."

Isbister stopped abruptly. "No?" was all he said, but his bearing conveyed his helpful impulse.

"It may sound incredible," said the stranger, turning weary eyes to Isbister's face and emphasizing his words with a languid hand, "but I have had no sleep—no sleep at all for six nights."

"Had advice?"

"Yes. Bad advice for the most part. Drugs. My nervous system . . . They are all very well for the run of people. It's hard to explain. I dare not take . . . sufficiently powerful drugs."

"That makes it difficult," said Isbister.

He stood helplessly in the narrow path, perplexed what to do. Clearly the man wanted to talk. An idea natural enough under the circumstances, prompted him to keep the conversation going. "I've never suffered from sleeplessness myself," he said in a tone of commonplace gossip, "but in those cases I have known people have usually found something—"

"I dare make no experiments."

He spoke wearily. He gave a gesture of rejection, and for a space both men were silent.

"Exercise?" suggested Isbister diffidently, with a glance from his interlocutor's face of wretchedness to the touring costume he wore.

"That is what I have tried. Unwisely perhaps. I have followed the coast, day after day—from New Quay. It has only added muscular fatigue to the mental. The cause of this unrest was overwork—trouble. There was something—"

He stopped as if from sheer fatigue. He rubbed his forehead with a lean hand. He resumed speech like one who talks to himself.

"I was a lone wolf, a solitary man, wandering through a world in which I had no part. I was wifeless, childless—who is it speaks

of the childless as the dead twigs on the tree of life? I was wifeless, childless—I could find no duty to do. No desire even in my heart. One thing at last I set myself to do.

"I said, I will do this, and to do it, to overcome the inertia of this dull body, I resorted to drugs. Great God, I've had enough of drugs! I don't know if you feel the heavy inconvenience of the

and then come drowsiness and sleep. Men seem to live for sleep. How little of a man's day is his own—even at the best! And then come those false friends, those Thug helpers, the alkaloids that stifle natural fatigue and kill rest—black coffee, cocaine—"

"I see," said Isbister.

"I did my work," said the sleepless man, with a querulous intonation.

"And this is the price?"

"Yes."

For a little while the two remained without speaking.

"You cannot imagine the craving for rest that I feel, a hunger and thirst. For six long days, since my work was done, my mind has been a whirlpool, swift, unprogressive, and incessant, a torrent of thoughts leading nowhere, spinning round swift and steady—"

He paused. "Towards the gulf."

"You must sleep," said Isbister decisively, and with the air of a remedy discovered. "Certainly you must sleep."

"My mind is perfectly lucid. It was never clearer. But I know I am drawing towards the vortex. Presently—"

"Yes?"

"You have seen things go down an eddy? Out of the light of the day, out of this sweet world of sanity—down—"

"But," expostulated Isbister.

The man threw out a hand towards him, and his eyes were wild, and his voice suddenly high. "I shall kill myself. If in no other way—at the foot of yonder dark precipice there, where the waves are green, and the white surge lifts and falls, and that little thread of water patters down. There at any rate is . . . sleep."

"That's unreasonable," said Isbister, startled at the man's hysterical gust of emotion. "Drugs are better than that."

"There at any rate is sleep," repeated the stranger, not heeding him.

Isbister looked at him and wondered transitorily if some complex Providence had indeed brought them together that afternoon.

"It's not a cert, you know," he remarked. "There's a cliff like that at Lulworth Cove—as high, anyhow—and a little girl fell from top to bottom. And lives to-day—sound and well."

"But those rocks there—"

"One might lie on them rather dismally through a cold night, broken bones grating as one shivered, chill water splashing over you. Eh?"

Their eyes met. "Sorry to upset your ideals," said Isbister with a sense of devil-may-careish brilliance. "But a suicide over that cliff (or any cliff for the matter of that) really, as

an artist—"

He laughed. "It's so damned amateurish."

"But the other thing—the other thing. No man can keep sane if night after night—"

"Have you been walking along this coast alone?"

"Yes."



HE RETURNED TO THE MOTIONLESS SEATED FIGURE AS HIS ASTONISHED LANDLADY ENTERED WITH THE LIGHT

DRAWN BY L. MAROLD

body, its exasperating demand of time from the mind—time—life! Live! We only live in patches. We have to eat, and then come the dull digestive complacencies—or irritations. We have to take the air or else our thoughts grow sluggish, stupid, run into gulfs and blind alleys. A thousand distractions arise from within and without,

"It seems to me it's a case for some public body, some practically undying guardian. If he really is going on living—as the doctors, some of them, think. As a matter of fact, I have gone to one or two public men about it. But, so far, nothing has been done."

"It wouldn't be a bad idea to hand him over to some public body—the British Museum Trustees, or the Royal College of Physicians. Sounds a bit odd, of course, but the whole situation is odd."

"The difficulty is to induce them to take him."

"Red tape, I suppose?"

"Partly."

Pause. "It's a curious business, certainly," said Isbister. "And compound interest has a way of mounting up."

"It has," said Warming. "And now the gold supplies are running short there is a tendency towards . . . appreciation."

"I've felt that," said Isbister with a grimace. "But it makes it better for him."

"If he wakes."

"If he wakes," echoed Isbister. "Do you notice the pinched look of his nose, and the way in which his eyelids sink?"

"I doubt if he will wake."

"I never properly understood," said Isbister, "what it was brought this on. He told me something about overstudy. I've often been curious."

"He was a man of considerable gifts, but spasmodic, emotional. He had grave domestic troubles, divorced his wife in fact, and it was as a relief from that, I think, that he took up politics of the rabid sort. He was a fanatical Radical—a Socialist. Overwork upon a controversy did this for him. I remember the pamphlet he wrote—a curious production. Wild, whirling stuff. There were one or two prophecies. Some of them are already exploded, some of them are established facts. But for the most part to read such a thesis is to realise how full the world is of unanticipated things. He will have much to learn, much to re-learn when he wakes. If ever a waking comes."

"I'd give anything to be there," said Isbister, "just to hear what he would say to it all."

"So would I," said Warming. "Aye! so would I," with an old man's sudden turn to self pity. "But I shall never see him wake."

He stood looking thoughtfully at the waxen figure. "He will never wake," he said at last. He sighed. "He will never wake again."

(To be continued)

I Children's Banquet

FOR the fifth year in succession a large number of the poorest boys and girls in London were provided with a Christmas dinner on Tuesday evening at the Guildhall, the requisite funds having been collected by Mr. Alderman Treloar. This year the number entertained was about 1,300, the selection, as in former years, having been left to Mr. John Kirk, of the Ragged School Union, who chose the guests from all parts of London. The dinner consisted of roast beef, potatoes, bread, milk, and Christmas pudding, with oranges and apples for dessert. Altogether there was provided over 1,000 lb. of meat, 6 cwt. of potatoes, 300 quarters of bread, 735 lb. of pudding, 500 gallons of milk, and an apple and an orange for every child. Shortly before the conclusion of the dinner the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress and the Sheriffs attended in State, and walked round the tables. An entertainment, consisting of music and songs, brought the evening to a close.

Mr. H. G. Wells

OF the younger schools of writers few indeed have sprung into a success as sudden and as well deserved as Mr. H. G. Wells, the author of our new serial. It is but a few years since one knew no more of his writing or personality than that an anonymous contributor to the *Pall Mall Gazette* was enlivening that paper with a series of delightful little sketches which stood out on its pages no less for their insistent humour than for their shrewd observation. In time one learned that the supposititious nephew—whose "Conversations with an Uncle" so



MR. H. G. WELLS

Author of "When the Sleeper Wakes," our new Serial Story

attracted all who can appreciate the advent of a new master of fiction—was Mr. H. G. Wells, sometime schoolmaster, science lecturer and coach—a newcomer who had graduated under Mr. W. E. Henley on the old *Scots Observer* in its palmy, brilliant days, and had drifted into journalism and literature on account of ill-health. But once started Mr. Wells did not stay in the by-roads of literature. Under his old mentor, Mr. Henley, then editing the *New Review*, he scored his first notable success, "The Time Machine," which ran through that periodical, establishing his reputation at once as a very original thinker capable of presenting his imaginings in most enthralling form. In the four years since that date Mr. Wells has not been idle, and although a slow writer and most unsparing critic of his own work, the shelf which contains his books has received many notable additions. "The Wonderful Visit" showed him in a fresh light, and suggested that, given health and opportunity, there might be no limit to the possibilities of the new writer, for Mr. Wells is a young man, and to the young all things are possible. If

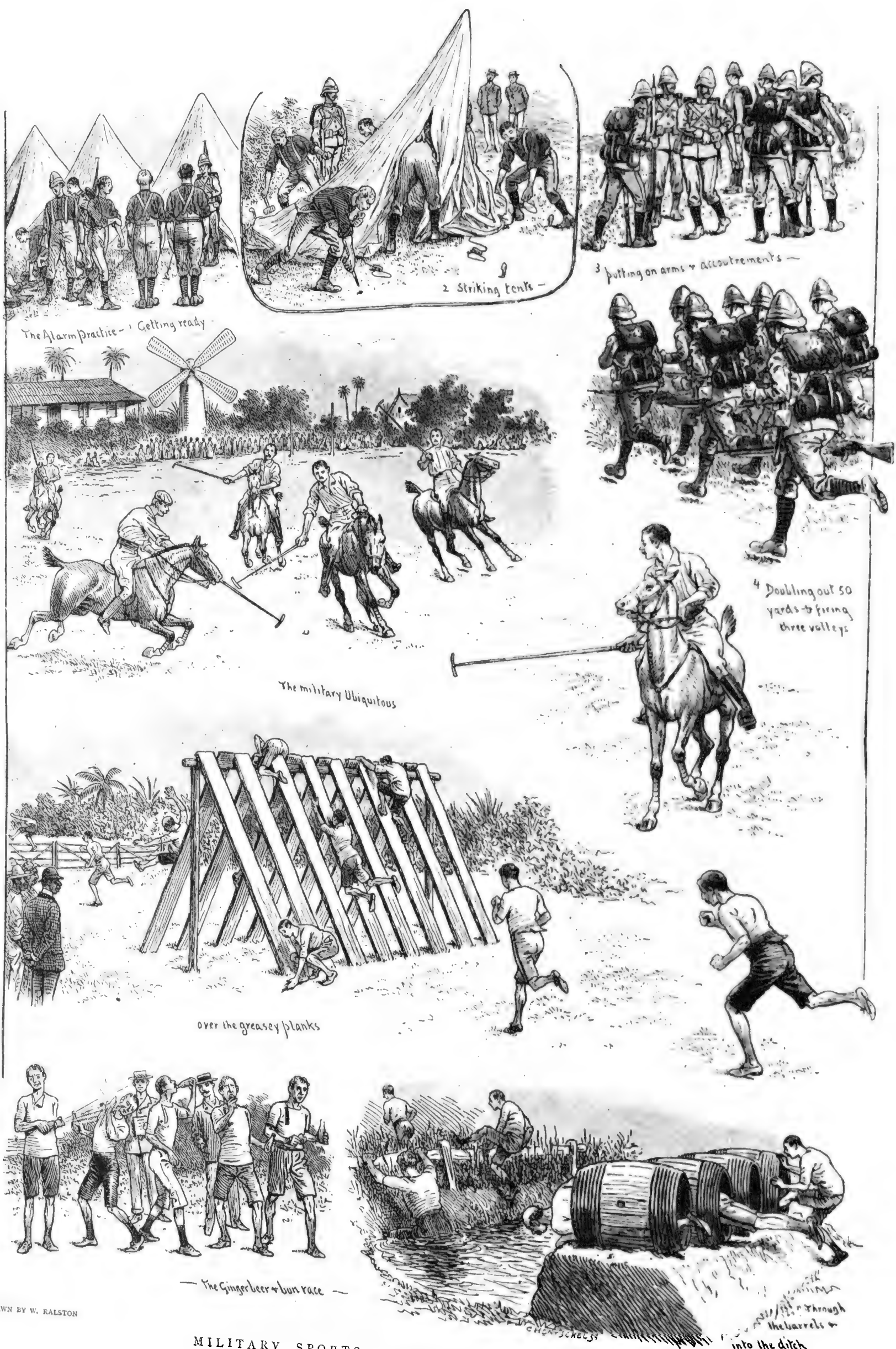
"The Island of Dr. Moreau" scarcely encouraged this view, it was, at least, such a vivid and powerful study of the gruesome as no other of his generation could have conceived or accomplished. "The Wheels of Chance," a bicycling story in lighter vein; "The Invisible Man," another quaintly humorous production, but full of shrewd character sketches and amazingly clever pseudo-science, and "The War of the Worlds," the story of the invasion of the world by the strange inhabitants of Mars; these, with several volumes of short stories and essays, comprise the bulk of Mr. Wells's contributions to literature. His experiences as reviewer, dramatic critic (for a short period), and science student have doubtless done something towards developing his views, but, putting all else aside, Mr. Wells stands out as a most original and daring writer, with a brain so active in its imaginings that at times one fancies he must see the whole future of the world written on the scroll of his fancy, right ahead to the day when the earth's fires shall have grown cold, and it shall revolve like some barren moon unenlivened on its dreary way by the vagaries of the teeming life upon its surface. Mr. Wells has been compared to Jules Verne, and certainly there are points of resemblance; but whereas the great Frenchman is content to deal with advance science merely, and rarely makes his characters humanly interesting, the author of "When the Sleeper Wakes" has the same faculty for evolving scientific dreams, always based, it should be said, on sound or, at least, plausible reasoning, and at the same time makes his people intensely human and interesting as beings distracted by hopes and fears and sorrows and torn by very human passions—in no sense chessmen working out a mechanical problem. The pathos and the humour of "The Wonderful Visit," which one may perhaps consider up to this latest story as his most promising achievement, were of a very high order. It is easy to be funny, but to produce that laughter which is akin to tears, to touch lightly and at the same time with profound suggestiveness the strings of love and hope and kindly humour is only within the province of the few, and that is why one looks to Mr. Wells with such high augury for the future. Of the story which commences this week it is not necessary to say much. It is a prophetic glimpse into the future, dealing with the possible remarkable developments of human relations and conditions of life, and those who read the first chapter will feel at once the author's remarkable grip of his subject and be keen to follow out its dramatic possibilities. Our portrait is from a photograph by Mayall and Newman, Brighton.

THE late Countess of Rosebery owned a book of autographs of altogether exceptional interest, says *The Golden Penny*. At her special request each writer had added to his or her signature a typical sentiment, proverb, or verse. Lady Rosebery showed the book to Matthew Arnold when he visited Aston Clinton, and the great poet gave an amusing description of it in a letter written directly afterwards to his daughter. "The Queen," he says, "has written Tennyson's stanza, 'Tis better to have loved and lost,' in her very best and boldest hand. Then the Prince of Wales has written a long rigmarole out of a French author about L'Amour; the Princess 'Plus penser que dire' and 'Plutôt mourir que changer'; each of the two Princesses a sentiment, and the two Princes—that of Prince George being 'Little things on little wings bear little souls to heaven.' Other notable autographs in this book were those of Gladstone, who wrote a verse from Wordsworth; Lord Salisbury, who added to his signature a German proverb; Lord Granville, whose contribution is described by Arnold as 'some very poor verses'; and Sir John Millais, who wrote a capital impromptu.



THE CHILDREN'S DINNER AT THE GUILDHALL: THE LORD MAYOR WALKING ROUND THE TABLES

DRAWN BY A. KEMP TEBBY



The Alarm Practice - 1 Getting ready -

2 Striking tents -

3 Putting on arms & accoutrements -

4 Doubling out 50 yards & firing three volleys

The military Ubiquitous

over the greasy planks

The Ginger beer & bun race -

Through the barrels & into the ditch

DRAWN BY W. RALSTON

MILITARY SPORTS: A GYMKHANA IN BARBADOES

FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN C. B. MORGAN



On arriving at Teslin Lake, our Artist started, with two companions, to accomplish the rest of his journey to Klondyke by water. Accordingly, they obtained a boat 18 feet long, shaped very much like a rowing punt, and flat-bottomed. The rowing of this craft he describes as very hard work, and without a wind they made but two miles an hour on the Lake, where there was no current to speak of. On the Hoastlingqua and Lewes Rivers the current, on the other hand, was often too strong to be pleasant. The mosquitoes were found to be of the worst trials to men who had spent the day at hard physical exertion. When at length the day's journey was done the work was not over, for a camping ground must be found. Often the undergrowth on the bank had to be cut down before room could be found to pitch the tent. Our illustration shows the travelers landing to camp on the bank of the Lewes River

ON THE WAY TO THE YUKON: PREPARING TO CAMP ON THE LEWES RIVER

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. FRIPP

"Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

AT Christmas time it seems natural to raise the old cry about the decay of dancing. The manners of the ballroom have sadly deteriorated since the beginning of the century, when a man prided himself on the skill and grace of his *pas seul*, and performed intricate steps with a self-conscious air, to the admiration of the beholders. Dancing is so only in name at present. It is, as a rule, a romp or a struggle, an awkward shuffle, or ungraceful lurch. Mothers and matrons rebel against the reluctance of young men to take part in saltatory gyrations, and the ever-increasing numbers of the idle door-post brigade. Lady Ancaster suggests that new and fairly simple dances, such as the Court quadrille, polka mazurka, schottische, and reels should be brought into vogue, and that in the holidays, classes should be formed to practise them. It is an admirable but almost impracticable idea. In childhood, of course, such things may be enforced, but who is to make the young man join a dancing class, when once he is grown up and independent? Dancing is in reality a spontaneous gift, like singing or music, and he that has no music in his soul will never be a good dancer. Public opinion with regard to it must change considerably, before the *amour-propre* of the young man can be cultivated into the strong desire to excel. When the art of dancing was looked upon as a necessary part of the budding nobleman's education, it was, of course, sought after and desired; but now that dancing has become a mere frivolous pastime, chiefly suited to girls and boys, the average serious man stands carefully aloof.

To lovers of dogs I would commend a charming practice celebrated in France in old days. It was called the Mass of St. Hubert, and took place at Chantilly in the days of the Compe's splendour and hospitality. The day before the anniversary of the patron saint, the kennels and chapel were aglow with garlands and wreaths of flowers, the hounds were washed, brushed, combed, and given a *toilette de gala*. Then, on the day, the whole pack, with the princely equipage, went in procession to hear mass in the chapel. The hounds occupied the centre of the choir opposite the picture of the saint upon the altar, and took precedence according to their race, age, and merit. The greatest decorum was expected of the animals, as to this day of the shepherds' dogs in a Highland kirk, who accompany their masters to Divine Service. The tail of the dog was believed to express his thoughts, consequently the tail must in church assume an aspect of dignified repose. To the courtiers of the great monarch such etiquette seemed only natural. The Duchess d'Uzès, that great lover of dogs and horses, is now the only master of hounds who still has mass said on the feast of St. Hubert. A *fête* is organised afterwards on all her properties and preserves. It is a pleasant idea this of dedicating our faithful friends and the participators of so many of our pleasures, to the care of their patron saint.

The discordant unwholesomeness of ladies' luncheons is a fruitful source of depreciatory comments by men. That they are not far wrong is proved by the experience of a restaurant keeper in New York. He says, they prefer to lunch at a counter sooner than sit down comfortably at a table, they are mostly shoppers, and generally in a hurry, and their digestions are something wonderful. One lady ordered an oyster cocktail and a Charlotte Russe, another an oyster fry, a cup of coffee, a nut cake and some French ice cream. Eclairs, chocolate, maple sugar and Vanilla ice are favourite articles of consumption, and fairly prove the dictum of a ladies' doctor that women's stomachs are made of indiarubber. The old are as bad as the young. One elderly lady tossed off a broiled sweetbread with three kinds of pickles, a strawberry tart and some frozen punch. Men are more sensible. They rarely order pickles and pumpkin pie together, or lobster, milk, and ice cream. Women on the coldest day will ask for ice cream, and many of them say there is no better luncheon than a sardine sandwich, a glass of iced milk, and a chocolate éclair or cream puff. Few indeed care for the male worker's sensible chop, beef sandwich, or a cup of bouillon. By degrees, however, women of intelligence who have to earn a living are learning that health is an asset that it is worth while to cultivate, and that they cannot keep strong on cakes and sweetmeats.

Long coats have been much worn this winter, but they must ever remain a luxury for the wealthy, not a necessity for the poor. True, the French have christened them "*cache-misère*," by which they mean that a shabby old gown can be worn underneath. Yet they must, according to the present fashion, be beautifully cut and luxuriously trimmed. They can never suit a small, dumpy figure; and they are not good to walk in, for it is almost impossible when clothed in one of them to pick up one's frock in the muddy street. As carriage wraps for the *élégante* they are, of course, delightful. But, indeed, dress is now entirely calculated for "carriage company," as landladies call it; the walking woman must choose quite a different style, the tailor-made, the workmanlike, the simple. Fur, too, is scarcely suited for the pedestrian, unless it be the very useful sealskin. Chinchilla, that most delicate and lovely of furs, spoils with rain and turns yellow in the smoke; ermine, again, is unsuited to the climate of London, and sable, of course, is beyond the means of the poor woman.

The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

"MY SOLDIER BOY"

MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH, as a meek little married solicitor who is tempted to pass himself off upon a rich old stepfather as an unmarried officer in the Hussars, is a promising if not a very original idea for a farcical comedy, and Messrs. Maltby and Lindo, the authors of *My Soldier Boy*, brought out at the CRITERION, under the temporary management of Messrs. Maltby and Spyers,



LYDIA MENDELE (Miss Jeffreys) MONTAGUE MENDELE (Mr. W. Grossmith) JONAS TODDENHAM (Mr. Alfred Maltby)
THE DISABLED HERO.—ACT III.

have succeeded in extracting from it a good deal of mirth of an ultra-farcical sort. The story follows the usual course. Mr. Jonas Toddenham is a tyrannical stepfather, who makes his bounteous gifts to his stepson, Montague Mendle, dependent upon the latter remaining single and devoting himself to the military profession; hence Mendle is tempted to keep his marriage secret, and to send to his stepfather, who resides abroad, flaming accounts of his progress in the army, even to the extent of announcing that he has been promoted to the rank of colonel of his regiment. Of course Toddenham



LYDIA MENDELE (Miss Jeffreys) MONTAGUE MENDELE (Mr. W. Grossmith)
THE RETURN FROM THE REVIEW.—ACT III.

comes to England one day and pays his "soldier boy" a visit. Then begins the series of deceptions which are to stave off the inevitable day when Mendle will have to confess that his military career has been a fiction and a fraud. With the help of his friend, Captain Cullendar of the 12th Hussars, Mendle secures the use of a colonel's uniform, in which he is but ill at ease, and he even consents to show his relative "over the barracks," an opportunity being afforded by the fact that the real colonel of the

regiment is confined to his room by illness. Finally, Mendle, in full uniform, is compelled to lead a detachment of Hussars against a riotous mob, and returns from the expedition in a badly damaged condition. The incongruity of the quiet life of a quasi-military proceedings is, of course, the main source of the mirth; but additional complications arise from the fact that Mendle's wife has a secret which is that, before her marriage, she had been the plaintiff in a breach of promise case against Cullendar, and is expecting that volatile person to pay her 2,000*l.* which a jury have awarded her in the way of damages. Mr. Grossmith's comic distresses are, I need hardly say, very diverting, and the piece generally is sufficiently well adapted in some degree its purely conventional nature. Miss Lindo, in particular, deserves praise for her humorous, yet touching, impersonation of Mrs. Mendle, and Mr. Alfred Maltby for his portrait of the fussy stepfather.

"A LITTLE RAY OF SUNSHINE"

The authors of the new comedy at the ROYALTY, Mr. Penley and Mr. Lordship, have discovered a new source of the wishes of the ancient voluptuary, and discovered a new source of the pleasure of being taken for somebody else. It is the pleasure of being taken for somebody else. The Duke of Wellington is supposed to have had an idea shown in his good-naturedly humorous reply to the Duke of Devonshire, "I believe?"; though it is true that the Duke rather put on the fact that "nobody ever mistook him" for his own credit. Mr. Jones. But it has been reserved for Messrs. Markham and Wilton Heriot not merely to show the pleasure that may be derived from being taken for somebody else, but to determine what are essential to its full enjoyment. First and foremost, the victim must be mistaken not for one but for half a dozen, so that he may revel to the full in the confusion and disorder which these blunders and misunderstandings entail. Secondly, the two Dromios and brace of Antipholuses do not, it is clear, derive much pleasure from the mistakes from which they are the victims of anger. But instead of being in the secret, as much bewildered as their persecutors, and what is the point, they are not of the right temperament. Given a little nobleman like Lord Markham in the person of Mr. Penley, set him down in a household so ready to jump to conclusions, the matter of identity as that of Sir Philip Ashton, of Ashton Hall, and the thing is done. Mistaken identity is, no doubt, the common resource of farce writers, and misunderstandings are usually maintained are among the commonest devices of their art. But here is a gentleman who, being mistaken for half a dozen people in turns, besides being now and then wfully presented as somebody else, is delighted with the muddle in which he becomes involved, and does his best, for the sheer fun of the thing, to foster the misconceptions till the whole *dramatis personæ* are involved in a giddy whirl of comical incidents. It is, in brief, the picture of a little nobleman's amiable complicity with the fact that he is, of all the parties concerned, is never in any perplexity regarding the drift of affairs, that gives freshness to the imbricatio, and is the real source of the fun.

Mr. Penley, as Lord Markham, is, of course, the centre of the piece. His Lordship, who has been away, amassing a fortune, long enough to be forgotten, returns *incognito* one New Year's Eve, and drops down in the family circle of his nephew Dick Markham's devoted friend, Sir Philip Ashton, the young squire of Ashton Hall. As he is somewhat shabbily attired, and is not exactly the appearance, his first experience is to be taken for an old-fashioned villager coming for a Christmas dole and to be promptly rejected from the place by a haughty footman. Nothing vexed, on the contrary, amused and delighted, the stranger picks up his hat and umbrella, which have been hurled after him, and re-enters the Hall, where he is promptly taken by Polly, the maid, for a man expected home from the Colonies, and then by somebody else for a pastrycook's man who has brought home a wedding cake. Sir Philip is on the point of marrying his friend Dick Markham's sister Connie. The situation becomes more involved when Sir Philip, who, in order to help his *fiancée's* brother, has been compelled to mortgage his estates, mistakes the stranger for a usurer named Dobbs, who is threatening to sell the Hall, and, in anxiety to conceal his embarrassments from the ladies of the household, introduces the supposed Dobbs now as a college tutor, now as a family solicitor. Thus does the complexity of the situation increase from incident to incident. But the piece is not without a pleasing vein of sentiment arising from the fact that the eccentric nobleman has come back to befriend his nephew, and, in fact, the "little ray of sunshine" in the circle, and about the stroke of midnight which ushers in the New Year, is seized with a sudden inspiration and detects in the stranger the long missing relative. Though the gaiety of the piece is hardly so spontaneous and abundant as that of *Chances*, Mr. Penley's quaint, good-natured, imperturbable little character is likely to take a place among his most diverting impersonations. The comedy is cleverly acted throughout, but more particularly Mr. Reeves Smith as Sir Philip, Miss Jessie Bateman as Connie, Mr. E. H. Brooke and Miss Flossie Wilton as the brace of youthful lovers who have "tiffs."

"THE CRYSTAL GLOBE"

The new play at the PRINCESS'S belongs to the class of melodramas—a species of entertainment for which this theatre has lately been establishing a reputation; but, unfortunately, *The Crystal Globe*, an adaptation by Mr. Sutton Vane of *Le Globe d'Orgue*, by MM. Montépin and Dornay, is much less successful than such pieces as *Les Deux Orphelines*, *Les Deux Femmes*, and other well-known productions of the same type. The intrinsic interest of its story and in the manner in which the playwrights have handled their materials. The play, with its murder and attempted murder, its incendiary plot, and its rescue of the heroine, Claire Sollier, by the hero, is a story of the bystanders, who catch her in a blanket as she is falling from the roof of the burning building, is in its bold accumulation of excitements worthy of M. Dennery, the acknowledged master of this class. But harrowing and exciting as the play is, it is not of much value for the dramatist's purpose unless it contains part and parcel of a story that awakens the sympathies of the curiosity of the spectator. It is here that the Princess's

play is found wanting. The original piece is a dramatisation of a romance, and the play presents all the diffuseness and unsteadiness of purpose which dramas are apt to show under these conditions. Claire is the heroine; but no sooner has the compassion of the spectator been aroused by the romantic story of her parentage and her rescue, than the play takes a new departure in the shape of an inquiry into the question, who were the murderers and incendiaries who, in the struggle to escape from the grasp of Claire's grandmother Véronique, so injured the poor old woman that she became deprived of sight. When Véronique insists upon invoking the aid of a mysterious hypnotist, half scientist, half impostor, named Pétrovsky, Claire, it is true, is employed as a medium, and it is she who is privileged to see reflected in the crystal globe the incidents which, thus re-enacted, betray the secret of the crime. But the interest of these and other prolonged investigations is rather collateral than direct, and the heroine whose love story is meanwhile neglected, takes a merely secondary place. For all this Miss Lena Ashwell's impersonation of Claire is a very truthful and moving performance, and there is genuine power of the imaginative sort in Miss Bella Pateman's Véronique. Mr. Laurence Irving is successful at least in imparting an air of mystery and

Baddeley's long famous DRURY LANE Twelfth Cake is, it appears, to have a sort of rival. Mr. Lowenfeld, following the old actor's example, though in a more liberal fashion, is stated to have invested a sum sufficient to produce a sufficient income for ever, which is to be spent in festivities every New Year's Eve, so long as the PRINCE OF WALES's Theatre continues to exist for dramatic performances. After that the capital is to go to the Actors' Orphanage.

On Monday next Mr. George Alexander and his company, who have been absent for some time on a provincial tour, will reappear at the ST. JAMES'S. The representations of John Oliver Hobbes's comedy, *The Ambassador*, will then be resumed, substantially with the same company as that which originally played in this piece at its first production last June.

Sir Henry Irving is, happily, still gaining strength, but he will not be seen at the Lyceum at present or indeed for a considerable time to come. His first reappearance will be made when, with the Lyceum company, he commences at Easter a long provincial tour. After that he will once more visit the United States.

Various changes have been made in the programme at the LYRIC. *Little Miss Nobody* continues its career, but Mr. Mackinder now takes the part of Guy Cheviot, and plays with unflagging energy and vivacity, while Miss Loie Fuller gives a new version of those serpentine dancings for which she has made a name on both sides of the Channel. Very beautiful indeed are some of the effects which she produces by means of unlimited draperies and a cunning scheme of electric lighting. Particularly so are the fire dances in which Miss Fuller appears to be drowned in a glowing sea of flame.

kindred establishments on the Continent. A Council composed of members representing biological, chemical, medical, veterinary, and agricultural science was appointed to govern the affairs of the Institute. An appeal was made for funds, and it met with a generous response. The Council were thus enabled to start its work and "to provide laboratories, to appoint a scientific staff, to institute lectures and demonstrations, to issue publication of the transactions of the Institute, and to found a library." In 1893, the College of State Medicine was amalgamated with the Institute, and in 1894 a site on the Thames Embankment near Chelsea Bridge was acquired from the Duke of Westminster, who is a member of the Council. The building, which was erected from designs by Messrs. Waterhouse and Son, was completed early last year. The whole building is completely detached and stands in its own grounds. On the ground floor of the building near the main entrance are the board-room and general offices, the director's private office, together with two laboratories for himself and his assistants, which will accommodate six workers, and are fitted up with the usual appliances for bacteriological investigation. At the back on the same floor is the main bacteriological laboratory, with accommodation for twenty-five students. Each worker is supplied with a complete set of apparatus for his work as well as with a set of drawers and lock-up cupboards. This laboratory, which, it should be stated, is fitted in accordance with the latest ideas, is used mainly for instruction. The educational courses given at the Institute are attended by qualified medical men and students of hygiene, and the Institute has already attracted workers from all parts of the world. A room in the basement has been specially fitted up for the preparation of the culture media, and adjacent to



THE LECTURE THEATRE

romance to the portrait of the rascally hypnotist who employs his occult powers to draw his medium with her blind grandmother to their death in the waters of the Marne. In the part of Picard, "an organ grinder, formerly in the Navy," that clever actor, Mr. Arthur Playfair, has little opportunity of exhibiting his talents, nor can the comic business of the dog-stealer's shop, in which Mr. Lennox Pawle, Mr. Athol Forde, and Master Robert Bottomley take part, render much service. *The Crystal Globe*, nevertheless appeared on the first night to afford great pleasure to a crowded audience.

The re-openings of the SAVOY and the GLOBE Theatres to-night are the chief dramatic events of the week. At the former house Messrs. Brookfield and Ivan Caryll's new fantastic comic opera will be given for the first time; at the latter Mr. John Hare and his company will reappear—an additional interest being imparted to the occasion by the revival of *School*, in which Mr. Hare will play his original part of Beau Farintosh. *School*, which is an adaptation by the late Mr. Robertson of Herr Benedix's *Aschenbrödel*, was originally brought out at the PRINCE OF WALES's under the Bancroft management on January 16, 1869.

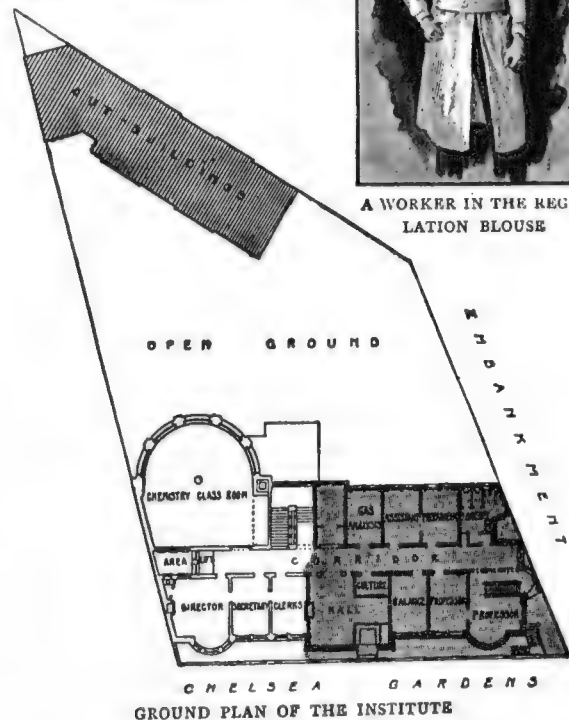
Thursday, the 26th inst., is the date arranged by Mr. Edward Terry for the re-opening of his theatre in the Strand with Mr. George P. Bancroft's original comedy, *What Will the World Say*, the principal parts in which will be played by Mr. Vane Tempest, Miss Carlotta Addison, Miss Susie Vaughan, and Miss M. A. Victor. In consequence of this arrangement that highly amusing farcical comedy, *The Brixton Burglary* will shortly have to seek a shelter elsewhere.

The Jenner Institute of Preventive Medicine

THE endowment of research has not hitherto commended itself to the State, or to the wealthy in this country, as it has done in France, Germany, and the United States. Lord Iveagh's splendid gift of a quarter of a million to the Jenner Institute of Preventive Medicine is all the more a matter for national congratulation, and for



A WORKER IN THE REGULATION BLOUSE

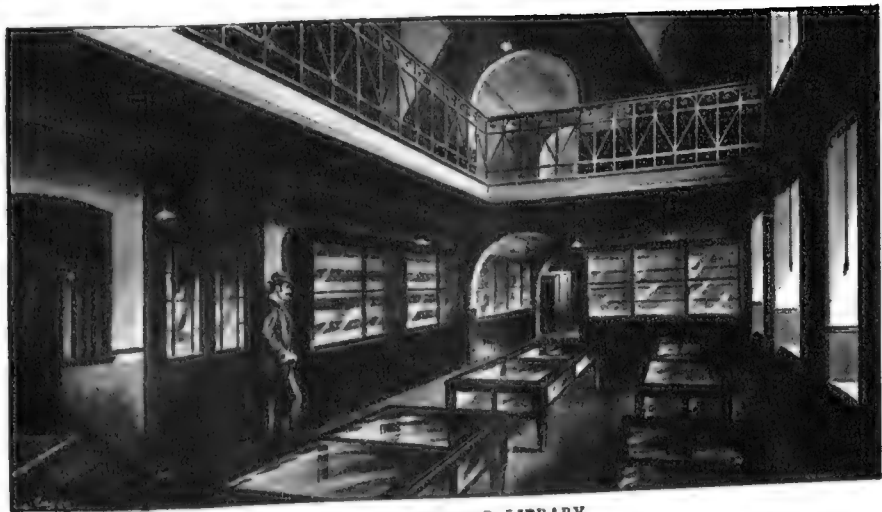


GROUND PLAN OF THE INSTITUTE

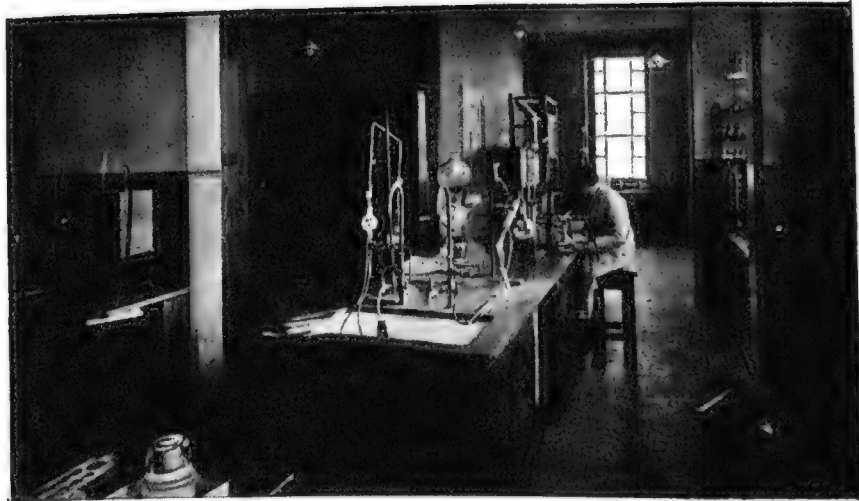


FRONT VIEW OF THE BUILDING

this room is another which is maintained at incubation temperature. There is also a large room fitted up as a workshop for general repairs. The back of the basement is devoted to photography. In a large room are provided two complete photomicrographic cameras, one for use with the electric arc light. On the first floor is a large chemical laboratory containing all the necessary appliances and working accommodation for twenty students. It is in charge of a trained chemist, who devotes his whole time to the work. A fine room on the same floor is to be completely equipped for instruction and research in the chemistry of fermentation and bacterial products. At the back of the building on the same floor are two rooms for private research work, a private chemical laboratory, and the balance-room. Further provision for private research is made on the floor above, where there are series of rooms, which will be fitted up as occasion requires. Other laboratories are equipped for the preparation and storage of glycerinated calf lymph for the Local Government Board and for the preparation of serums and anti-toxins. The museum is situated on the third floor, and on that floor, too, is the lecture theatre, with accommodation for 150. In the yard behind the Institute is a large crematorium, in which all infective material is destroyed. There is also a large animal house, with loose boxes, and with a small laboratory attached. The whole building is lighted with electric light. Lord Lister is Chairman of the Council, Sir Henry E. Roscoe, Hon. Treasurer, and Dr. Allen Macfadyen Director and Hon. Secretary.



THE MUSEUM AND LIBRARY



THE WATER LABORATORY

THE JENNER INSTITUTE OF PREVENTIVE MEDICINE
TO WHICH LORD IVEAGH HAS JUST CONTRIBUTED A QUARTER OF A MILLION



DRAWN BY W. HATHREPT, R.A.

A Correspondent writes:—"We received orders the other day to dismount all the Turkish guns on the fortifications here, and to put them into a Turk shulki (storehouse) for transport. As there are no Turkish troops left in the island, we have been sending 150 men from the *Empress of India* every day to get the work done. The guns—if heavy ones—are lifted from their mountings by a

crane, which we have rigged, and are then hauled along the streets by our bluejackets—which is very heavy work, as the streets are all paved with huge cobble-stones. We have got about fifty guns down on to the quay ready for the transport. Some of the guns are very old—Venetian guns dating from 1674, and with the lion of St. Mark on them

They are chiefly of bronze, but there are three or four Krupp steel guns, which are the biggest, and weigh five or six tons without the mounting. As some of the streets are very narrow, with sharp corners, we have to hook a block to a cross-bar placed across a hole in the wall and lead the rope through "

FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT R. W. OSBURN, R.N.

THE EVACUATION OF CRETE: BRITISH BLUEJACKETS REMOVING DISMOUNTED TURKISH GUNS AT CANDIA

Art Exhibitions

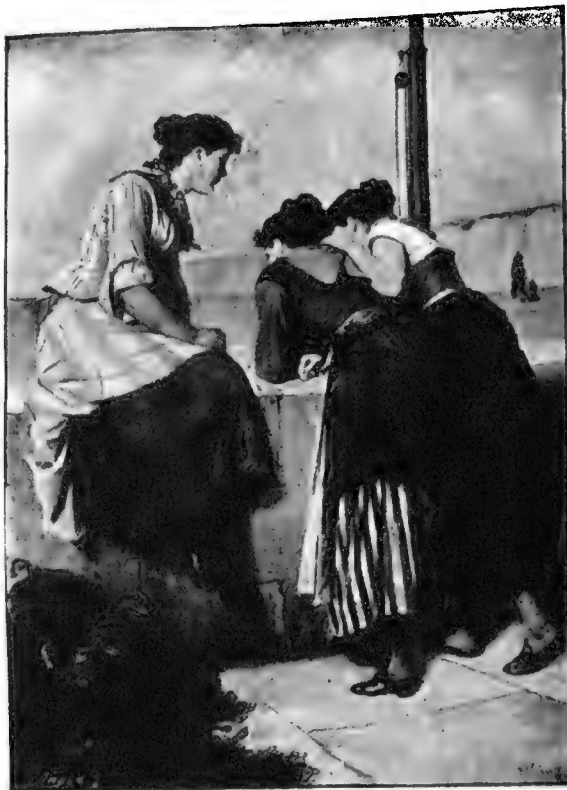
BY M. H. SPIELMANN

REMBRANDT AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

But it is not in the wonderful portraiture alone, whether life-size or in miniature, that the collection is of amazing strength. In the quasi-religious compositions, in the exquisite landscapes—especially in the superb "Mill" of the Marquess of Lansdowne—and in the fine series of original drawings, which served as studies for etchings or for pictures, or both—the collection is of sustained

BURNE-JONES AT THE NEW GALLERY

If Mr. G. F. Watts is the Milton of our modern painters, Burne-Jones is assuredly the Spenser; if Watts is epic in his grand sweep of painted thought, Burne-Jones is lyrical in his magic world of painted romance—a poet re-born of the Renaissance, who lived in a fairyland of his own conjuring, and animated with the spirit of Botticelli the heroes and heroines of his creation. Here set out before us we have the panorama of his life's work. It is



"RADINAGE

By Haynes King

(Fifth Prize of the 11th Drawing of the Crystal Palace Art Union)

true that it contains, generally speaking, nought but his pictorial work; but by that he may be judged. So complete is the collection that the list of omissions is meagre in the extreme. The series of "The Briar Rose" is missing—but we are comforted by the four studies lent by Mrs. William Graham; "Danaë's Tower" is not here, but its place is taken by the small and early version belonging to Mrs. R. H. Benson. We miss the beautiful "Morning of the Resurrection" in Mrs. Williams' collection: and the relatively minor works, "The Bath of Venus," "The Star of Bethlehem," "The Romaunt of the Rose," "Day," and one version of "Cupid and Psyche." How comparatively unimportant are these lacunæ will be seen by a glance around the walls, or at the catalogue, when it will be admitted that handsome condensation is made in the collection of studies, designs, and the tapestries which Mr. William Morris adapted from them.

The main and central fact that impresses the beholder is that



"A SUMMER AFTERNOON"

By T. Sidney Cooper, B.A.

(First Prize of the 11th Drawing of the Crystal Palace Art Union

But we here have proof that Burne-Jones did not, as some pretend, fall always upon the same string. When he was young and under the influence of William Morris, his warm-blooded Muse sang of love in an impassioned strain, and not until he began to walk alone did that same love lose its ardent Italian note and strike instead the more melancholy and more intellectual prevailing chord of English romance. He became more ordered, better trained and restrained; and so the Love spiritual took gradually the place of the Love sensual. The ideal of pure beauty became loftier and loftier; and though even now he gave rein to his imagination Mr. Watts's counsels to cultivate more thoroughly the technical side of art and Mr. Ruskin's constant warnings—"Ned, Ned, go to nature!"—led him more and more surely into the right path. So he became less "empirical," yet remained always the fanciful poet, a great artist technically, in some respects deficient—a noble decorative painter, though an incomplete decorator. The reservations are not so subtle as they sound: to borrow an image from another art, he was like a splendid orator without the cultivated gift of rhetoric. Even in certain of his noblest works there are errors all must feel: in "*Le Chant d'Amour*" the discordant colour (neither sufficient as contrast nor yet sympathetic enough as harmony) of Love's tunic and flying drapery; and in the "*Laus Veneris*," the vivid patchiness of the orange garment. Yet how rich the glow of these earlier pictures—as of "*The Mill*"—and the exquisite refinement of the picture that marks, perhaps, the summit of his technical accomplishment—the lovely "*Mirror of Venus*," and even, though in somewhat less degree, "*The Hours*"! He had not yet developed his delight in the quality that he could only obtain by the smear, which he secured only by substituting opacity for what before was triumphant transparency of opulent or delicate colour.

But I should be led too far into technical considerations were I to pursue discussion in this direction. Let me rather direct the reader's notice to the feast that awaits him in the halls of the New Gallery. He who accuses Burne-Jones of lack of virility in his types, of a certain lachadaisical ideal that did shame to his manhood, will here be forced to ask himself—in a face of this amazing testimony of a life's purpose carried steadfastly to its appointed end—whether an effeminate man could have imagined and pursued so characteristically high a standard, could have imposed his conception of poetic beauty upon a whole generation of critics and opponents, and could have emerged a conqueror from the struggle, sensitive though he was. Of course he had his faults—but they were chiefly the defects of his qualities. But there are some men to whom all poetry is in its nature effeminate, and to whom even Shakespeare's sonnets make no appeal. To such Burne-Jones will fail to speak, for their souls cannot vibrate responsive to the thrill of the master's art. The loss is theirs: yet to the sensitive the powerful though not obtrusive personality of the artist admits of no escape, and all will be impressed though some may be unconvinced.

We are, then, enabled here to judge of Burne-Jones as a painter, a designer, a decorator, a colourist, and a draughtsman. As a portraitist, too, he will be welcomed with his beautiful and marvellously delicate head, *à la* Henner, of Miss Amy Gaskell, and of the exquisite profile of Miss Gertrude Lewis. As a painter of pictures he is seen now as he has never been seen before, and can never be again; and irresistibly he exacts, by the very splendour of his blossoming genius, the claim to be considered one of the four master-poets in art who have written their names highest on the roll in England in the century that is now drawing to its close.

**THE CRYSTAL PALACE ART
UNION**

THE eleventh annual drawing of the Crystal Palace Art Union (under the sanction of the Board of Trade) will take place at the Crystal Palace on February 10. Since the establishment of the Art Union prizes to the value of 4,000*l.* have been distributed. On the present occasion twenty prize pictures have been selected by the Committee, the first prize being a painting value 100*l.*, entitled "A Summer Afternoon," by T. Sidney Cooper, R.A.; the second, a painting value 80*l.*, by Louis B. Hurt, entitled "On the Hillside, Glencoe;" the third, a painting entitled "A Vain Endeavour," by Professor von Langenmantel; the fourth, a painting by Fannie Moody, entitled "The Tempter;" and the fifth, "Badinage," a painting by Haynes King. The pictures are now on view on a screen near the Concert Room, and a full list of the prizes, with all other particulars, may be had from Mr. C. W. Wass, the superintendent of the Crystal Palace Picture Gallery.

Our Portraits

THE news of the death of the Duke of Northumberland on Monday last was received with much regret, not only by his friends, but by a large circle of people in a humbler station who had benefited by his generous liberality. Algernon George Percy, K.G., P.C., LL.D., D.C.L., sixth Duke of Northumberland, was the son of the fifth Duke, and was born on May 2, 1810. He was educated at Eton and at St. John's College, Cambridge, and in 1827 joined the Grenadier Guards. He subsequently retired from the Army with the rank of captain. Almost immediately on attaining his majority he was returned to Parliament for the borough of Beeralston, which was disenfranchised under the first Reform Act. After the passing of that Bill he did not sit in the House of Commons until 1852, when he was returned for North Northumberland, for which he sat until 1865. In Lord Derby's Second Administration the Duke was first a Lord of the Admiralty and then Vice-President of the Board of Trade. He succeeded his father in the title in 1867, and from 1878 to 1880 was Lord Privy Seal to Mr. Disraeli's Government. He was Chairman of the Commission on the Parochial Charities of the City of London. He was a strong believer in religious education, and was a warm and liberal supporter of Church schools, not only on his own estates but everywhere. Cambridge gave him the honorary degree of LL.D., and Oxford that of D.C.L. He was President of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, and took a great interest in the Royal Institution, of which he had been President. The Duke married, in 1845, Louise, daughter of the late Mr. Henry Drummond, of Albury Park, Surrey, who built the "Cathedral of the Irvingites, or Catholic Apostolic Church, on the borders of the Park. The Duchess died in 1890, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where the family are entitled to be buried. The Duke is succeeded by his son, Earl Percy, who already sits in the House of Lords, having been called there in his father's Barony of Lovaine. Earl Percy's son is Lord Warkworth, M.P. for South Kensington. Our portrait is from a photograph by Russell and Son, Baker Street.

The appointment of Mr. Thomas Townsend Bucknill, Q.C., to be a Judge of the High Court, in the room of Sir Henry Hawkins, caused no surprise, for his name has been mentioned as a likely candidate on previous occasions, when there has been a vacancy on the judicial Bench. Mr. Bucknill is young, as things go, for a judge, having been born in 1845. He is the second son of the late Sir J. C. Bucknill, F.R.S., who was knighted in 1894, in recognition of his services as one of the founders of the Volunteer movement. Mr. Bucknill was educated at Westminster and at Geneva, and was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1863. He has been for some years one of the leading counsel at the Admiralty Court and on the Western Circuit. He took silk in 1885, and was made a Bencher in 1891. He is a member of the General Council of the Bar, and is Standing Counsel to the Royal College of Physicians. He has been Recorder of Exeter since August 1885. In 1892 he was returned to Parliament as a Conservative for the Epsom Division of Surrey, which constituency he has continued to represent. Our portrait is from a photograph by Jerrard, Regent Street.

The Rev. Bartholomew Price, D.D., Master of Pembroke College, Oxford, and Canon of Gloucester, who died at that college last week, was in his eighty-first year, and had been connected with Pembroke College for over sixty years, having been an Exhibitioner there in 1837. He was ordained in 1841, and in 1844 was made a Fellow of his college. He held that position until 1892, when, on the death of Dr. Evan Evans, he was made Master. In the same year he was appointed Canon of Gloucester. Dr. Price combined with his scholarly attainments the practical merits of a good man of business, and for many years the University enjoyed the advantage of his remarkable financial ability. He found time to conduct the affairs of the University Press with signal success, in spite of the fact that for many years the whole of the mathematical teaching of the University was in his hands. For forty-five years he held the Sedleian Chair of Natural Philosophy. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society, a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, and a visitor of Greenwich Observatory. He was author of several mathematical works, chief among which was his "Infinitesimal Calendar." Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Mr. Joseph Hodges Choate, who is to be the new United States Minister to Great Britain, was born in Salem, Massachusetts, on January 24, 1832. He graduated at Harvard in 1852, was admitted to the Massachusetts Bar in 1855, and in the following year to that of New York, where he has ever since enjoyed an extensive practice. He was counsel for General Fitz John Porter in the prolonged

inquiry before a board of officers appointed by President Hayes, which resulted in the reversal of the judgment of the original court-martial. He took a prominent part in the Municipal canvass of 1871, which resulted in the overthrow of the ring which had plundered the treasury of New York City. As a speaker at social and charitable and philanthropic gatherings Mr. Choate is well known in New York. Our portrait is from a photograph by R. Wilhelm, New York.

Herr Ed. Müller, the President of the Swiss Confederation for the year 1899, was born in Nidau, Canton of Berne, in 1848. As a student of jurisprudence at Berne University he distinguished himself as a public speaker, and while still comparatively young he was elected by his fellow-citizens as President of the Civil Court of Berne. He held this position for two years. Then he became a barrister, and soon found himself in extensive practice. His election into the Grand Council of the Canton of Berne was followed soon by the greater honour of being elected into the National Council—the Lower House of the Swiss Parliament—of which in a few years he became the President. Meanwhile he was elected Mayor of Berne. In the course of his public career he also rose in the army of Switzerland until he became a full colonel and commander of a division. When Herr Schenk, the Federal Councillor, died, the united Upper and Lower Houses of Parliament elected Colonel Müller as a member of the Federal Council of Switzerland. When he entered the Government he became Minister of Justice, but on the retirement of Colonel Frey, the Minister of War, Colonel Müller went to the War Office, where he was an undoubted success. As President of the Swiss Confederation he will conduct the affairs of the Foreign Office, but when,

coloured life of day and the lounging life of luxurious night. We chanced to meet an Englishman, who had made Damascus his home for a lengthy period, and he invited us to witness an Oriental entertainment in the real letter of the meaning.

A drive through the illuminated streets took us to the Englishman's home, and once we entered his portal everything was Eastern. We passed through a marble courtyard, in the centre of which splashed a happy fountain, where a dozen pigeons fluttered from their night roosts, and then we were ushered into his salon.

For a time we lay back on the divans chatting and smoking, an attendant watching each guest, ready with flask to fill each empty glass, and with match to light a fresh cigarette. Then the dancing maidens were announced. They came, seven in number, each with her own musician and duenna. Music and dances alike were Oriental. In the former the tom-tom predominated; in the latter the charm lay in graceful motion of body and limb, to the rhythm of the band. The most attractive figure in the evening's programme was a dance in which the principal lady attached tiny silver cymbals to her fingers, and tinkled them to the music, as she gracefully marked the rhythm with her figure. One and all entered enthusiastically into the spirit of the performance, especially the musicians, who became grotesquely animated as they joined in some intoxicating chorus.

The Modern Duel With Rapiers

(CONCLUDING ARTICLE)

WE now come to the modern duel with rapiers or to-day as carried out on the Continent, for although two other forms of duel with swords are recognised there, the rapier is the representative form of combat as necessarily employing the greater skill and finesse. The duel with sabres, and with the razor-bladed sword of the Heidelberg student, are the other methods; the former is principally in use among military men, and partakes of the nature of broadsword fence, the point being used with deadly effect. In the Heidelberg duel the students are protected by padding, etc., with the exception of their faces, which are exposed, their aim and object being merely to cut and mark each other's faces, and so, though terrible scars—which are supposed to hall-mark the bearer for life with a reputation for courage—are of constant occurrence, yet there is comparatively little danger of loss of life in such combats. The representative duel with triangular bladed rapiers, which preserves the tradition and science of past times, is that of France, and although it may be in its decline, yet its laws and methods are recognised and perfectly consistent. The same duel of a different school is practised in Italy. The art and study of fencing is part of a Frenchman's education, and he is considered the best scientific fencer in the world; his methods are but little altered from those of the last century, and he still retains to-day the "form" laid down by his forefathers. Lately, in Italy, a new position of "guard" has been introduced, the weight of the body being inclined forward with the left hip thrown out, the sword arm extended, and all parries taken on a straight arm. This position is ungraceful, but was considered so desirable that it was introduced, with only

moderate success however, as the guard in sword practice at Aldershot. As there is no modern duel in England to discuss or represent, we therefore take that of France for our subject. The ground and weapons being selected the combatants take their places stripped to their shirts, the sleeves of which can be rolled up or not; wearing a fencing-glove is according to choice and permissible. The distance kept between the swordsmen is considerable, and the body is inclined slightly forward and covered as much as possible on a short guard with the large cup of the rapier, a different position to that of ordinary fencing. In the majority of cases the object of attack is not so much a matter of life and death as to prick or stab some part of the body that is not vital. In the case of either side of the combatants, stand two gentlemen who are called "Directeurs de Combat." They carry a cane and are authorised to interfere if the rapier should any irregularity occur, and unless the duel is a *Poutrance* stop it at the first blood drawn; the doctors and any others interested take up their position at a distance that can in no way interfere with the combatants. In the present illustration the duellist who kills takes advantage of the long grip to the rapier, and as his adversary lunges shifts it suddenly to the extremity of the pommel, at the same moment sharply drawing back his right foot till the heel touches the left, and extending his arm to its full length, presents his body edgewise to the lunge. As the lunge passes him harmlessly the point of his sword enters the forehead of his adversary and pierces his brain. This is technically called a time thrust, and when properly executed is invariably fatal.

P.M.



HERR E. MÜLLER
New Swiss President



PRIVATE BYRNE
Who won the V.C. at Omdurman



THE LATE REV. B. PRICE, D.D.
Master of Pembroke College, Oxford



MR. J. H. CHOATE
New U.S. Minister to Great Britain



THE LATE DUKE OF NORTHUMB-
LAND



MR. T. T. BUCKNILL, Q.C.
New Judge of the High Court

after one year, he has to resign the Presidency, he will return to the War Office. Our portrait is from a photograph by A. Wicky, Berne.

Private Thomas Byrne, of the 21st Lancers, is one of the four (the other three were officers whose portraits we have already published) to be honoured with the Victoria Cross in the Khartoum honours *Gazette*. At the battle of Khartoum, on September 2, Private Byrne turned back in the middle of the charge of the 21st Lancers and went to the assistance of Lieut. Hon. R. F. Molyneux, Royal Horse Guards, who was wounded, dismounted, already severely wounded, attacked these Dervishes, received a second severe wound, and by his gallant conduct enabled Lieut. Molyneux to escape. Our portrait is from a photograph by Lieutenant D. C. Miers.

Oriental Damascus

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—Few places can compare with Damascus—beautiful, Oriental Damascus. One cannot see the town properly in a few days, nor does one tire of it in a month for that matter. Its fine bazaars, winding alleys, historic monuments, and marvellous edifices teem with interest. And in its strange and varied populace there is always something new, something entrancing. It seethes with Oriental colour and idiosyncrasy. But we were exceptionally lucky during our short visit, for there are two distinct sides to life in the city of the seven streams—the warm-



DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD

AN EXHIBITION OF EASTERN DANCING: AN AFTER-DINNER ENTERTAINMENT
CHRISTMAS EVE IN DAMASCUS

FROM A SKETCH BY THE ARTIST



The whole history of duelling with swords has now been completed in these pages, this illustration, the sixth of the series, completing the set

TYPES OF SWORDSMANSHIP—VI.: THE MODERN DUEL WITH RAPIERS

DRAWN BY PERCY MACQUOID, R.I.

Books on Camps and Campaigning

"THE DOWNFALL OF THE DERVISHES," by Ernest N. Bennett, M.A. (Methuen), is one of the most readable books on the Soudan Campaign that we have come across. The author, as war correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette*, started from England in company with the unfortunate Mr. Cross, a master of Bedford College, who died of fever after the battle of Khartoum. The book is written with great verve, and is as bright and cheery in style as the writer himself was in temper during the troubles and petty worries of a tiresome journey.

The battle of Omdurman is described with great spirit and realism. Of the opening attack he writes:—

Gigantic banners fluttered aloft, borne on lofty flagstaves. The rising sun glinted on sword-blades and spear-heads innumerable, and as the mighty host drew nearer black heads and arms became visible amongst the white of the massed *gibbichs*. And now, too, a dense volume of sound came rolling over the desert as the fanatical Arabs raised continuous shouts of defiance, mingled with chants to Allah and the Prophet—their battle-cry before the inevitable death awaiting them—the veritable requiem song of Mahdism! In the clear morning air the pageant was truly magnificent, a splendid panorama of some forty thousand barbarians moving forward, all undismayed, to do battle with the largest army which Great Britain has placed in the field for forty years. So marvellous a picture—once seen never to be seen again—must surely have impressed itself indelibly upon the memory of all who witnessed it!

"The Egyptian Soudan: Its Loss and Recovery," by Lieutenants Henry S. L. Alford and W. Dennistown Sword (Macmillan), will prove of great value to those whose knowledge of the history of the Soudan previous to the last campaign is limited. The authors tell us of the reason why Gordon was sent to Khartoum, and of his death; they tell of the disasters to Hicks's army, and of Baker Pasha's defeat. The volume is divided into four parts, viz., "The Soudan Prior to its Recapture," "The Dongola Expedition," "The Operations of 1897," and "The Nile Expedition." In the latter parts the battles of Firket, the Atbara, and Omdurman are described in a soldierly and businesslike style, without undue verbiage or attempts at fine writing. The book is well illustrated with engravings and plans, and contains an appendix on the "Organisation of the Dongola and Nile Expeditionary Forces," and the "Roll of British Officers, Non-commissioned Officers and Men who lost their lives in the Campaign on the Nile."

"Sketches on Service during the Indian Frontier Campaign of 1897," by Major E. A. P. Hobday, R.A. (Bowden), is a novelty in books on campaigning. It is really an album of photographs and sketches made by the author during his campaigns. To quote his preface, he says:—

I carried a sketch-book with me throughout the operations with which I was fortunate enough to be connected, and made constant use of it, finishing up my rough drawings daily during odd leisure moments in camp, while details were fresh in my mind. In this way I gradually compiled what might be termed a pictorial diary of my wanderings.

Every other page consists of a drawing or photograph, and opposite to it is a short account of the event depicted. Major Hobday is to be congratulated upon the careful accuracy and artistic merit shown in his drawings. This book will make a most interesting and desirable supplement to any purely literary work on the same subject.

In his "Campaign in Tirah, 1897-1898" (Macmillan), Colonel H. D. Hutchinson ably tells the story of this most arduous campaign. In no other frontier war have there been more difficulties to contend against. All the marching had to be done in a mountainous country, along rocky water-courses, and through narrow defiles. Only once, at Dargai, did the Afridis make a stand in any numbers. The rest of the campaign was contending with and out-flanking snipers, and defending the convoys and the wounded from the sudden rushes of the enemy. The continual firing into the camps at night had a most depressing effect on everyone. As the writer says:—

If you have got to be shot leading your men into action, that is all right, and a proper and honourable way of being shot. You take, in fact, a legitimate risk, which no soldier objects to. But to be potted in the dark is *autre chose*. . . . It is extremely unpleasant to hear the ping of the shots, to see the men knocked over, and to feel it may perhaps be your turn next.

To see how splendidly the men, collectively and individually, behaved in this trying war we must refer our readers to the volume itself. The following anecdote of Dargai is a proof of the *camaraderie* that exists between officers and men in times of danger:—

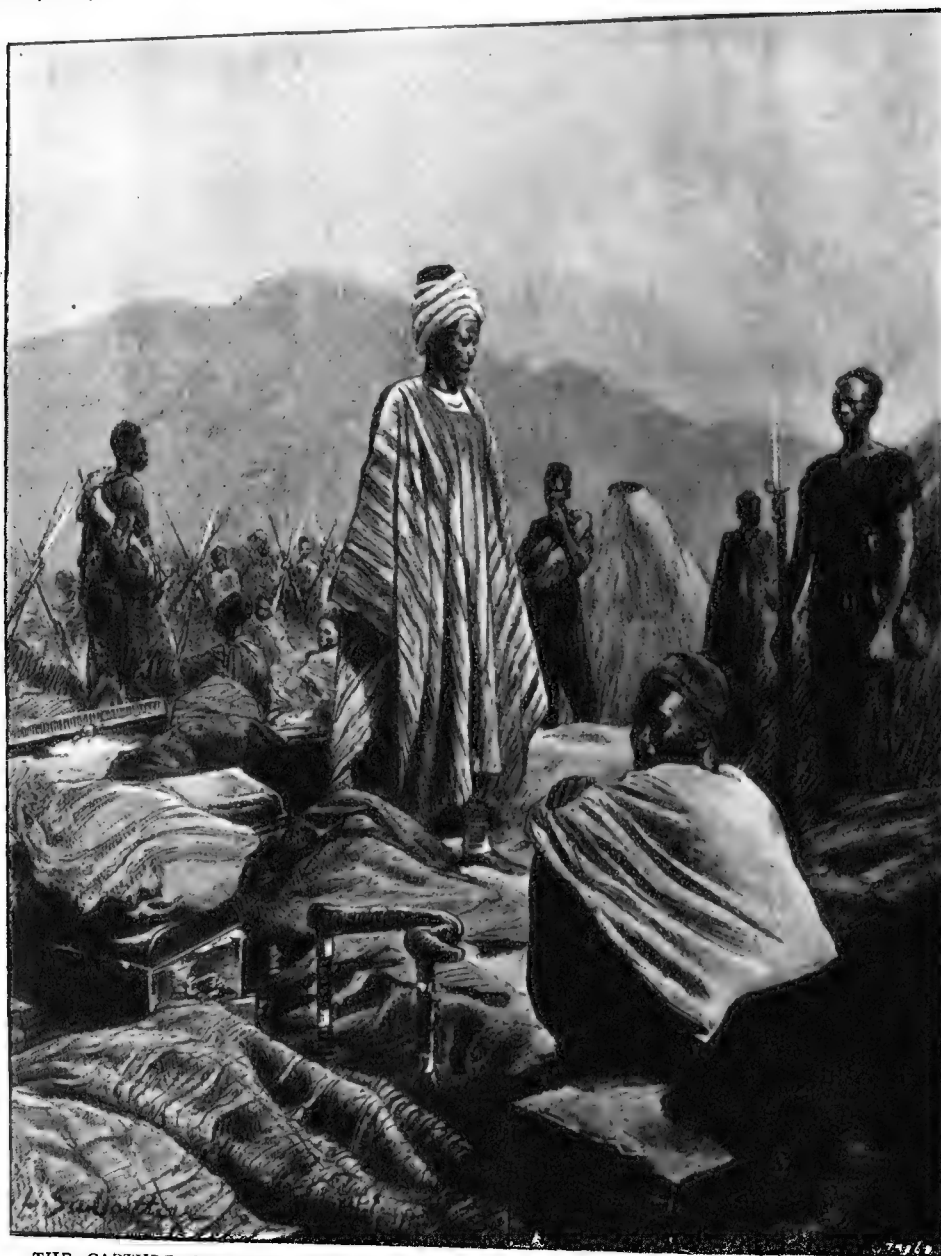
As the Gordons breasted the last stiff ascent, Colonel Mathias, no longer quite in his first youth, was somewhat short of breath, and said to Colour-Sergeant Mackie, alongside whom he found himself at this moment, *Stiff climb, eh, Ma kie? Not quite—so young—as I was—you know!* "Never mind, sir!" answered the gallant sergeant, giving his C.O. a hearty slap of genuine admiration on the back, which almost knocked his remaining wind out of him, "*Never mind, sir! Y'ere gawn terra str. ng for an auld man!*"

The book contains many interesting illustrations and some very clear plans of the different actions.

Of the gallant defence of Chitral too much cannot be told, and although Sir George Robertson's book, "Chitral. The Story of a Minor Siege" (Methuen), comes rather late before the public, it must be born in mind that it is written by one who took the most prominent part in the defence of the fort, and was severely wounded into four parts: in the first the author writes of Chitral and its people, and the events that took place previous to the occupation; the second part is about the disaster at Mastuj, the valiant defence of Reshun, and the treacherous capture of the two officers, Fowler and Edwards; the third part tells of General Lowe's advance, and the forced marches of Colonel Kelly's relief; and the fourth, of the

doings of the unfortunate men in the fort. No obstacles seemed insuperable to the determination of the officers engaged in this campaign; roads were mended, bridges built, and guns transported across the passes, under conditions that seemed to make failure inevitable. Of the defenders of Chitral Fort it is impossible to speak too highly; every officer was a hero, and the men, fired by their example, worked wonders. There were altogether 550 persons in the fort; of these 340 were riflemen, but excluding those in hospital, only eighty-three of them were Sikhs—good shots and trustworthy soldiers. There were also fifty-two Chitralis, men who were not to be trusted, and had to be always carefully guarded. There were only seven English officers, Sir C. Robertson, who was wounded, Captains Townshend and Cam; bell (the latter was on his back all the time, owing to a wound in his knee), Lieutenants Gurdon and Harley, and the indefatigable Surgeon-Captain Whitechurch, who had already earned the Victoria Cross by bringing Captain Baird, who was mortally wounded, into the fort, under a most galling fire. By sheer pluck these few men, in their tumble-down fort, kept the fanatical hordes of Chitralis and Pathans at bay for seven weeks, when they were relieved by Colonel Kelly, who, with his men, had been doing wonders in the way of forced marches. Space will not allow us to say as much of this book as it deserves, but we must heartily recommend it to all those who like to read of the gallant actions of our soldiers, and of their devotion to their country and to each other.

One can never tire of reading of the gallant deeds of our troops



THE CAPTURE OF SAMORY: THE CHIEF PRAYING AFTER BEING MADE PRISONER
From a Photograph taken on the day of his capture

in India during the Mutiny, and the "Recollections of a Highland Subaltern" (Arnold), by Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon-Alexander, an officer of the 93rd Highlanders, will prove to be a book of much interest, and a great addition to the history of that sanguinary campaign. The author was on the way to China with his regiment, but when he arrived at the Cape the news of the revolt had already reached there, and his regiment was ordered at once to Calcutta. He was present at the relief of Lucknow and the storming of the Sihandabagh, and subsequently at the battle of Cawnpore. Later he was present during the siege and capture of Lucknow, where, as history tells us, the gallant Ninety-Third performed wonderful deeds of valour under their beloved commander, Brigadier-General Adrian Hope. Colonel Alexander tells many interesting stories of men whose names are now historical. He waxes indignant even now at the shameful way in which the prize-money was distributed. He, himself, discovered in a hidden chamber jewels, shawls, &c., to the value of 30,000*l.*, yet all he had when the prize-money was distributed was 18*l.*; and a private, who had served at both the relief and siege of Lucknow, eventually received in four or five instalments spread over a year or eighteen months the equivalent in rupees of one pound fifteen shillings. No wonder questions were asked as to what had become of all the treasure. It is a pity the book is written in so controversial a spirit; it is well written, but the continual footnotes and italics which serve to prove that Malleson and others were wrong in some insignificant detail rather mars the effect of otherwise well-told stories.

In "The Sepoy Mutiny, as seen by a Subaltern, from Delhi to Lucknow" (Smith, Elder), Colonel Edward Vibart gives a stirring

account of the events at the beginning of the Mutiny, and the last survivor of the small party of officers and ladies who were trapped in the Cashmere Gate after the outbreak on the night of the 10th of June at Delhi. He tells the never-to-be-forgotten story of the escape of Lieutenant Willoughby, who blew up the magazine, and of the escape of that officer and his companions. Poor Willoughby was afterwards murdered by the mutineers in one of the most dreadful hardships, and expecting every moment to be killed, until they were rescued by Lieutenants Gough and Mackenzie, who had volunteered to go out from Meerut to find the story of the escape of this small party has not been told before. The author fought all through the campaign, the Siege of Lucknow and the Battle of Bareilly, where, as the *Times* had a very narrow escape. The volume is a telling account of the "Outbreak at Meerut," by Lieutenants Mackenzie, and of "How the Electric Telegraph was used" by P. V. Luke, C.I.E.

The "Congo State; or, The Growth of Civilization in Africa" (Thacker), by Demetrius C. Boulger, is a book of interest to the subject of which the majority of Englishmen are well aware. The King of the Belgians was the first to conceive the idea of a neutral state on the Congo, and not only used all his influence to interest in the project a success, but actually invested a large

of his private fortune in the venture. The history of the State is a history of a people who have successfully fought, and of a people who have successfully local and international, overcome all obstacles, and have task the association had to undertake, and have successfully the suppression of the slave-trade, and the establishment of a nation, commanded by Baron Dhan, who has broken the power of the Arabs, and has put an end to the trade in "black men." The extent of the area of the Congo State is 900,000 miles, and during the last few years the trade has enormously increased. For instance, the export in rubber has risen from 159,000 francs in 1886 to 8,311,000 francs in 1897. Copal and timber is largely exported. Coffee and cocoa is being grown, and is expected that tobacco and sugarcane will become a successful produce. There is no doubt, owing in no small degree to the efforts of King Leopold, the Congo Free State is becoming a most paying undertaking. Mr. Boulger has given us a very interesting and succinct history of this progressive State, and its conception until the present time. The volume is illustrated with photographs of the country and of the officers of the State.

The Capture of Samory

ONE by one the great centres of purely African power have fallen. In 1803 the power of the State's forces, under Baron Dhan, was broken. The power of the Arab traders at Niamé, and Kasongo; Behanzin, in Dahomey; Samory, in the West, and Prempeh in Kumasi in 1882. The Khalifa was finally crushed last year, and, lastly, Samory, the black Napoleon, who has been called, has been at length captured. Samory began life as a slave. His history is a petty dealer in kola nuts, who was taken prisoner with his mother by the Serancoro, who converted him to Islam. Samory soon distinguished himself as a quarreller with his master, and returned to his native town, of which he became the chief. Later his power grew until he marched on his old master, took his town, and established his own capital there. In 1883 he was taken prisoner by the French on the West bank of the Niger, and was repulsed. In 1886 a peace was concluded by the terms of which Samory undertook to

cross the Niger. To strengthen the alliance his son, Karam, was taken to Paris, and spent some months there. Meanwhile he raided his neighbours. In 1891 the French were obliged to declare war against him. In 1892 his native town, Bissandugu, was taken, although several times defeated Samory was by no means driven back by the French, a body of Sofas crossed into Leone and ravaged the country there. A British force drove them out, and Samory ultimately settled in the neighbourhood of Kong. There he managed to evade the Europeans until the beginning of 1897, when both British and French forces entered the hinterland, and began making treaties on all sides. It was then that the news came of Lieutenant Henderson's force having a narrow escape, and, later, a French force was cut off. About this time the two Powers began to be so closely connected with each other's movements that Samory was left to his own devices. But as soon as the Convention was signed the French began to take active steps against him. On September 9, a force, under Lieutenant Woelfel, encountered Samory's army at Tiafesco, and the battle resulted in the capture of the French of 30,000 prisoners, including Samory's troops. Samory fled to the mountains, but his capture was a question of time. The roads, however, were so blocked with corpses in a state of decomposition that the French was obliged to seek another route. The troops were assembled at Fanha, and at the end of September a successful attack was made upon Samory's retreat, Samory himself, the chiefs, and the women and children falling into the hands of the French.

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NOTES FOR '99.

ONE OR TWO MAIN ITEMS IN A STRONG PROGRAMME.

GREAT THINGS IN 1899.

Next Week we shall give
THE ANECDOTAL SIDE OF EDISON.A Group of Stories of the Great Inventor as told by his Intimate Friends.
 Illustrated with Photographs of Mr. Edison, who gave a series of sittings in his laboratory for this article.This will be followed by
THE ANECDOTAL SIDE OF MARK TWAIN.**HER MAJESTY'S MINISTERS AS WAGE EARNERS.**By HENRY W. LUCY.
FIFTY YEARS WITH THE MENAGERIE.

By the Famous Showman DAN RICE.

Another Article of Exceptional Interest will be
POLICE SPIES IN RUSSIA,
 By POULTNEY BIGELOW.

Next Week we shall give the first of two Thrilling Articles—

ADVENTURES IN THE AIR,
 Written for us by the famous Aéronaut, Mr. STANLEY SPENCER, and illustrated with Remarkable Photographs, &c.

As we have already announced, we shall start with the First Number of 1899 a

VERY CLEVER STORY,
 By GILBERT DAYLE, called**"THE FATES AND PRINCE CONRAD."**

Beautifully Illustrated by FRANCES E. EWAN, whose charming Drawings have been so highly appreciated by "Golden Penny" readers.

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BRILLIANT SERIAL STORY
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A GUIDE TO CUSTOMERS.

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PLATE D.—Chinese and Japanese Matting. Cool, Clean, Cheap.**PLATE F.**—Shetland Carpets. All Wool, Seamless, Reversible.**PLATE G.**—Kervall Carpets. Seamless. "An effective imitation of Eastern Work at a low price."**PLATE H.**—Brussels Carpets. "Ludgate" Quality guaranteed.**PLATE J.**—Rugs for surrounding Billiard Tables.**PLATE K.**—Axminster Carpets. Seamless, "Ludgate" Quality.**PLATE L.**—Linoleum. Warm, Elastic, Durable.**PLATE M.**—British Lahore Rugs. All Sizes, Colourings, and Patterns.**PLATE N.**—Agra (European) Rugs and Mats. All sizes.**PLATE O.**—Stair Carpets. Specially made to resist hard wear.**PLATE P.**—Greenwich Inlaid Linoleum.**PLATES R. and S.**—Turkey Carpets. The patterns of Eastern Carpets vary.**PLATES T and U.**—Indurated Linoleum. A Patented Article (Registered).**PLATE V.**—Wool-Bordered Cocoa-Nut Fibre Mats.**PLATE W.**—Fiji Fibre Imperial Mats for Halls, &c.**PLATE X.**—Tweed Carpets. All Wool. Seamless.

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THE GRAPHIC

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New Models

"THE MAIN CHANCE"

CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE'S "The Main Chance" (Hurst and Blackett) is a novel of exceedingly serious interest. By saying this we do not intend to imply that the interest is marred by the seriousness—quite the contrary. Everybody is more or less vaguely

representative, Guy Waynflete, it takes the form of a ghostly double; the ancestral self openly haunting the individual self, and endeavouring to lead it astray from the paths of justice and honesty. The tempter is aided by an evil human influence; the good will by a woman who less influences than inspires. The victory is of the living will over the phantoms of ancestral tendencies: and that the battle hangs upon a very common sort of financial temptation gives a quaintly effective tone of realism to so spiritualised a story. "The Main Chance" is decidedly a book to think about as well as to read—though it is good reading too, even without the thinking.

"THE ADVENTURES OF FRANÇOIS"

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's "Adventures of François, Foundling, Thief, Juggler and Fencing-Master during the French Revolution" (Macmillan and Co.) is an entertaining novel of the frankly Picaresque description. "This François," writes the supposed editor of his supposed memoirs, "was what people call a character. He had a great heart and no conscience; was fond of flowers, of birds, and of children; pleased to chat of pilferings, liking the fun of the astonishment he thus caused. Had he really no belief in its being wrong to steal? I do not know. The fellow was so humorous that he sometimes left one puzzled." The field for exciting adventure afforded to so versatile a scamp by the Reign of Terror is obviously not to be surpassed. Dr. Mitchell has made sufficiently good use of it both for dramatic situation and for the portraiture of his larcenous but otherwise amiable hero.

"HIS COUNTERPART"

Noll Drake, the hero of Mr. Russell M. Garnier's romance (Harper and Brothers), bore such a remarkable resemblance to Jack Churchill—whom history remembers as the great Duke of Marlborough—that the two might have played either pair of brothers in the *Comedy of Errors*. It does not prove to be of any consequence; it neither helps nor hinders the marvellous adventures of the counterpart in rescuing a beautiful French girl from the consecutive clutches of Charles II., Louis XIV., and a tremendous villain of a Marquis. The Marquises of fiction are notoriously a bad lot, but Mr. Garnier's Marquis may be backed against all the rest of his order. The worst of Noll Drake is that his adventures never ring true. Still one cannot close the book in the midst of a breathless peril, however nonsensical, before learning how it is going to end; and one peril is never over before another begins. For the sake of this pleasure, the story is more than readable. It is written in the most approved "Periodesque" style, and readers who prefer "dewewives," to "dairymaids," and "rathripe" to "early," and "brenning" to "burning," will find in it more pleasure still.

"IDOLS"

Irene Merrium, the heroine—in no mere conventional sense—of Mr. William J. Locke's novel (John Lane) was an idolatress; and was fated to find that both her idols were made of mere human clay. One—perhaps it need hardly be said—was her husband, who felt honestly uncomfortable on his pedestal; the other was—well, she supposed him to be her husband also, until she found that there

was another lady with a prior matrimonial claim. However, she lived to learn that the best receipt for a reasonable amount of happiness is to take people as they are, and to make the best of them. All this, however, is but the underlying motive of a series of



JACKET

Of sable, ermine, and lace. Hat has crown of cream velvet with appliqué of pearls and chenille. Fluted brim of roses of chocolate velvet. Paradise pume

familiar with the fatalistic side of doctrines of heredity. Miss Coleridge rather regards an inherited propensity to some special evil as a help to the will, inasmuch as the sufferer can hardly fail to be aware of it, and therefore fore-armed against its mastery. The family failing of the Waynfletes is unscrupulous selfishness, which in the case of a notorious ancestor had risen to the height of criminal treachery. In the case of its present



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Of pale pink satin and white lace. Chestnut-coloured velvet at neck and waist

intensely dramatic situations of absorbing interest, of which each, while naturally following from the other, is a fresh surprise. Would even an idolatress falsely swear away her own good name in public, even for the sake of an idol? Anyhow, the incident, though strong, cannot be called overstrained, as the chief point of a story, in which everything—including the readers' interest—is kept at full tension from beginning to end.

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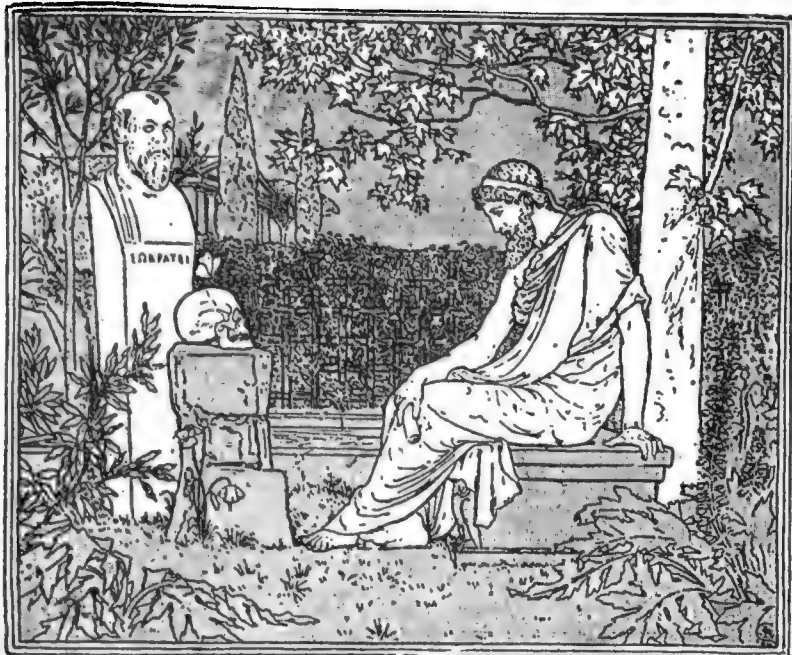
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That we must work by crime to punish crime,
And slay as if death had but this one gate?—
Byron.

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Abridged Prospectus

The Company has been formed to acquire, as a going concern, as from 30th September, 1898, the Business of Brewers and Wine and Spirit Merchants carried on by Messrs. STANSFELD & CO., at the SWAN BREWERY, FULHAM, and at the following Depôts:—Barnet, Wood Street; Brighton, Ship Street; Croydon, George Street; Croydon, North End; Egham, High Street; Greenwich, South Street; Hammersmith, The Grove; Leyton, Lea Bridge Road; Paddington, Harrow Road; Red Hill, Rose Brewery; Staines, Kingston Road; Sutton, High Street; and West Kensington, North End Road.

The Brewery Business has been established at Fulham for over 100 years, and the present most commodious Brewery was erected by Messrs. G. H. and A. BYWATERS, near the site of the old Brewery, in the year 1882, from designs by Mr. WILLIAM BRADFORD, Brewers' Architect; and the whole of the Plant, replete with every modern improvement, was carried out in a most thorough and substantial manner by Messrs. PONTIFEX & SONS, and great care has since been exercised to keep the Brewery in every respect up to date.

The Firm has especially directed its attention to the supply of Beer and Wines and Spirits to families in London and the surrounding districts, and there are upwards of 30,000 Customers now on the Books.

The Firm has likewise a valuable Public Trade. As the Board of Directors will consist of men engaged in and having practical knowledge of the business, the Company will lose none of the experience of the old Firm, whilst it will have the advantage of the use of the additional Capital provided by the present issue. Further provision for the future development of the business is made by the £115,000 Preference Shares which are reserved for future issue as may be required.

The Brewery, Plant, Public-houses, and Depôts have been valued by Messrs. MASON & SON, BREWERY VALUERS, who value the Freehold, Leasehold, &c., properties at £180,640, and the moveable plant, horses, &c., at £20,347 2s., making a total of £200,987 2s.

The Assets to be acquired by the Company as at 30th September, 1898, are, as per Messrs. Mason & Son's Valuation, £200,987 2s. od.; Cash at Bank and in hand, £3,485 9s. 4d.; Less—Trade Liabilities, £23,752 19s. 9d.; Additional Working Capital provided out of the present issue, £40,000 os. od. Total, £34,174 9s. od.; Stock of Beer, Malt, Hops, Wines, Spirits, &c., £30,798 1s. 8d.; Cash at Bank and in hand, £3,485 9s. 4d.; Less—Trade Liabilities, £23,752 19s. 9d.; Additional Working Capital provided out of the present issue, £40,000 os. od. Total, £285,692 2s. 3d. The above does not include any amount for the general Goodwill of the Business.

The Security for the Debenture Stock will be a specific charge secured by a First Mortgage to Trustees of the Freehold, Copyhold and long Leasehold Properties, and a floating charge on the short Leasehold Properties, Stock-in-Trade, Loans, Book Debts and all other assets. The proceeds of the £115,000 (balance of £125,000) 5 per cent Preference Shares will, when issued and invested, form a further security.

The Books have been audited by Messrs. Smallfield, Rawlins & Co., Chartered Accountants, of 45, King William Street, London, E.C., and their certificate will be found in the Full Prospectus.

The price to be paid for the Business has been fixed by the vendor, Mr. J. J. STANSFELD, at £110,000 in cash, and the issue to him as fully paid up of £10,000 in Five per Cent Cumulative Preference Shares and the whole of the Ordinary Shares.

It is proposed that the additional capital should be invested in the development of the business. All expenses up to allotment will be paid by the Vendor, and the remainder will be paid out of the premiums received on the Debenture Stock, and the balance of such premiums will be carried to a Reserve Fund.

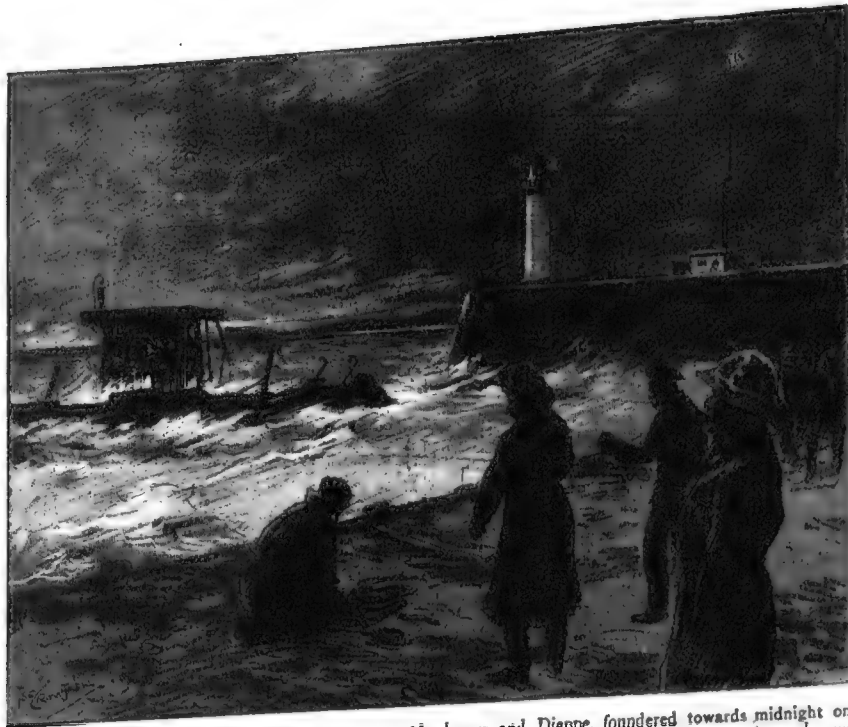
Copies of the Full Prospectus, with Forms of Application, can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, or from the Bankers, Brokers, Solicitors or Auditors.

SWAN BREWERY, FULHAM, S.W., 6th January, 1899.

Music

HANDEL'S OWN "MESSIAH"

FOR nearly a century, or at any rate since the Mozart additional accompaniments were first performed at Covent Garden Theatre on March 29, 1805, no performance of the *Messiah* with Handel's original orchestration had, until Monday, been given in London. Indeed, there were plentiful disputes as to what the original orchestration consisted of, and until the re-discovery at the Foundling Hospital in 1894 of the *Messiah* music which Handel left that institution by will, the important parts for oboes and bassoons were missing. Even now, although it is well known that Handel used horns in the *Messiah* performance at the Foundling in the last century, the horn parts are still missing, and Professor Prout surmises that the horns were simply employed to double the trumpets in the lower octave. At any rate, this suggestion was acted upon at the performance of Handel "As she is wrote," given by the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall last Monday. To suppose that the performance in every way recalled one of Handel's own day would, however, be absurd. To begin with, if the balance between chorus and orchestra observed by the composer himself in his mid-eighteenth century performance at the then new chapel of the Foundling Hospital had been adopted, an orchestra of at least a thousand players, including 130 oboes and 130 bassoons, would have been necessary when the Albert Hall chorus of 800 voices was employed. They would practically have filled the greater part of the arena seats on Monday. Also Handel never could have supposed his oratorio was to have been performed in so gigantic a building, so large indeed that the attempt to utilise a harpsichord was wholly abandoned, and the work for this now almost obsolete instrument was transferred to the organ. Here, however, another difficulty arose, for the Albert Hall organ is, of course, a totally different affair to the instrument in use in the composer's own time. Moreover, although no real oboe of Handel's day is now available, it is nevertheless certain that the instrument was wholly different to that now played in British orchestras. Indeed, if we may judge from an oboe still extant which belonged to an oboist who accompanied Rossini on his first visit to this country in 1823, it was a flat-mouthed instrument approximating much more to the bassoon than to the oboe of the present time. The band employed at the Albert Hall last Monday consisted of thirty-eight violins, a dozen each of violas, cellos, and basses, twelve oboes, six bassoons, two horns, two trumpets, and a pair of kettledrums. In *Messiah*, of course, Handel employed no flutes, and indeed it was his custom only to use those instruments for solo purposes. The extra parts for flutes and clarionets introduced by Mozart—"stucco ornaments on a marble temple," as Hauptmann once called them—were, therefore, now abandoned, although in the accom-



The Channel steamer *Angers*, plying between Newhaven and Dieppe, foundered towards midnight on Monday off Dieppe Harbour, close to the end of the western jetty, during a violent gale. The vessel was thrown against the jetty, part of which was destroyed, and in consequence all communication by signal with the shore end of the pier was interrupted. In the early morning cries were heard, and on search being made it was found that they proceeded from the captain of the vessel and fourteen of the crew, who had succeeded in gaining the extremity of the jetty, to which they were clinging, the waves breaking over them every moment. They remained in this position until seven on Tuesday morning. One sailor perished from exhaustion. Four of the crew who were in the engine-room were drowned.

THE WRECK OF A CHANNEL STEAMER: THE "ANGERS" STRANDED OFF DIEPPE
DRAWN BY T. S. C. CROWTHER

paniments to the solos they were, we fear, often much missed. A special organ part was written from the figured bass by two of Sir Frederick Bridge's pupils, but, apart from this, Handel's own score was retained as far as possible. Whether the experiment will be generally adopted is altogether another question. That the performance elicited an immense amount of curiosity may be judged from the fact that the whole of the tickets for the reserved seats were sold out some days before the performance took place, and some hundreds of pounds was turned away at the doors. Doubtless for this the fact that Madame Albani now sang the *Messiah* music for the last time prior to her departure for South Africa may be partly due. This popular lady entered fully into the spirit of the performance, and devoted a great deal of time to the study and rehearsal of the work.

THE CARL ROSA COMPANY AT THE LYCEUM

Various changes have taken place in the direction and management of the Carl Rosa Company since this organisation last came to London. Even during the past few days there have been

further changes, and on the opening night, on Monday, M. Jacobi was called upon at short notice to conduct *Tannhäuser*. Accordingly any defects in the performance on the opening of the new season, at the Lyceum may fairly be excused. During the first week, however, the company wisely confine themselves to works which they have frequently during the past few months performed in the provinces, and also in some of the London suburbs. The operas announced for the present week were *Carmin*, *Faust*, *Lohengrin*, *Pagliacci*, and *Cavallaria Rusticana*, but next week is promised *Tristan* for the first time in London in the English language.

In our notice of "Gainsborough and His Place in English Art" last week the publisher's name was inadvertently given as Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. instead of Mr. W. Heinemann.

NEW ISSUE.—A company, of which the prospectus appears elsewhere, has been formed under the name of Stansfeld and Co., Limited, for the purpose of taking over the business of brewers, and wine and spirit merchants, carried on by Messrs. Stansfeld and Co., at the Swan Brewery, Fulham, and at their various depôts. The share capital is 250,000, divided into 25,000 5 per cent. cumulative preference shares of 5, each and 25,000 ordinary shares of 5, each. Of this 115,000, only in cumulative preference shares is to be issued as required to meet the future increase of the business. As the vendor, Mr. J. J. Stansfeld will take 10,000, in 5 per cent. cumulative preference shares and the whole of the ordinary shares in part payment of the purchase-money. 150,000, in 4 per cent. first mortgage debenture stock at 103, per cent. is offered for subscription, redeemable at 115, at the option of the company at any time after January 1, 1930, by giving six months' notice, or, in the event of voluntary liquidation, at the price of not less than 115.

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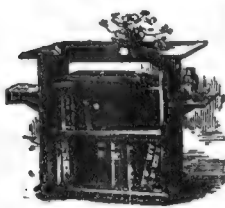
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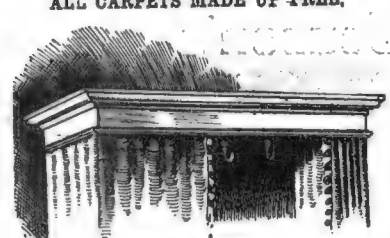
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Gratefully yours,
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Notes from the Magazines

THE REVIVAL OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUESTION

A NOTICEABLE feature of the reviews this month is the uniformity in which, in almost all, the Newfoundland Question crops up. It is as though our recent success in the Soudan had inspired people with the idea that now is the time to dispose of another grievance against France. Mr. P. T. M'Grath, who contributes a most interesting article on the subject to the *Nineteenth Century*, evidently hopes all things of Mr. Chamberlain, but the dispute is in itself so complicated, and has been so further complicated by British statesmen, that it is difficult to see any clear way out of it, except, as suggested in *Macmillan*, by buying out our neighbours with concessions in Morocco or elsewhere. Whenever the question has assumed an acute phase, says Mr. M'Grath—

The aim of almost every Colonial Minister has been to dispose of it by concessions to France, and but for the sturdy independence of the Colonists, and their refusal to sanction these abandonments of British rights, the French would long ago have acquired virtual sovereign rights over a large section of the coast.

The period of unlimited concessions, it is to be hoped, is past now, and when the full report of the Royal Commissioners who are now investigating the question is submitted to Parliament, it is possible that France may be more amenable to reason than heretofore, and the colony no longer be sacrificed. Mr. M'Grath, who is the editor of the *Evening Herald*, St. John's, Newfoundland, gives an excellent recapitulation of the principal points in a dispute which is now nearly two hundred years old. He wants nothing less than the withdrawal of the French from the coast, "for it is so manifestly valueless to them for fishing purposes that its retention must be for the purpose of wantonly embarrassing Britain," or as Mr. Chamberlain neatly put it in the speech which has probably brought forth these articles, "While the French fishery interests in Newfoundland have declined to a comparatively insignificant point, the demands of the French have continually increased, and their interference with the development of the colony grown in proportion."

THE OPEN-AIR CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

Mr. James Arthur Gibson, who gives in the same review (the *Nineteenth Century*) his experiences of the latest cure for consumption, speaks with considerable authority, as he was affected with acute phthisis, but made a complete recovery at Nordrach in the Black Forest. Dr. Walther's treatment at Nordrach, which is responsible

for the cure of hundreds of consumptives, contains three special features—namely, Overfeeding: "Dr. Walther holds that there can be no cure without weight-gaining. He carries this to its logical conclusion, and stuffs his patients to their utmost capacity." Regulation of the amount of exertion and rest: "There is nothing so harmful to a consumptive patient as over-exertion in any form, mental or bodily. Even too great intemperance in reading a novel, or, let us say, the excitement and engrossedness of listening to a concert are injurious." Pure air: "From the moment of arrival until leaving Nordrach the patient never breathes one breath of any but the purest air, as Nordrach is in the Black Forest at an elevation of 1,500 feet, surrounded by trees, and a long way off from a town, or even a village. The casement windows of the sanatoria are kept wide open day and night, winter and summer, and in some instances the windows are taken completely out of their frames." The cured consumptive, after this treatment, would seem to be a more robust person than the ordinary healthy man, for, writes Mr. Gibson, "I never wear an overcoat or carry an umbrella in the wettest or coldest weather, and I have been drrenched dozens of times without changing my clothes or catching a cold."

WHEN IS AN ISLAND NOT AN ISLAND?

The *Windsor* contains a very interesting article this month on a visit to Whale Island, Portsmouth, "the greatest naval gunnery school in the world." There are many curious points about this island. It supplies an answer to the enigma, When is an island not an island? From beginning to end the official Navy List may be searched, and no mention will be found of Whale Island, for the reason that officially it is not an island, but one of Her Majesty's ships. It is known as H.M.S. *Excellent*, and the lives of the naval officers and men conform in every detail to that which they would lead on a warship. The history of the island supplies an explanation of the circumstances under which it has come to usurp the functions of H.M.S. *Excellent* and appropriate the name. Fifty years ago—

It was quite an insignificant island, showing some resemblance to the shape of a whale; hence its name. As this portion of the harbour was shallow—in fact, at low water a mere stretch of mud with channels here and there—the island did not interfere with the navigation of the Queen's ships, and its existence was ignored. About the middle of the century the expansion of Portsmouth—which was to render it in our time the greatest naval arsenal in the world—was commenced. When the naval authorities had decided that more basins and docks should be dug out, the question arose, What shall be done with all the displaced soil and sludge? A decision of some kind had to be made before the work of developing Portsmouth Dockyard could be proceeded with; so as a temporary

measure it was directed that all the armies of convicts dug out the basins and docks, they should deposit the soil on poor despoiled Whale Island. Soon the original island quite disappeared under the hundreds of tons of mud and clay, and year by year, as the accommodation for Her Majesty's ships in the Dockyard was increased, the size of the island grew, until the broad expanse of mud-land suggested to someone that it might eventually be of service. Then a change was made. As further tons of mud were laid round its sides, layers of chalk were deposited, and thus the banks of the island became firm. In the process of time the existence of this almost circular tract worried the naval authorities, and at last it was decided that the officers and seamen in the gunnery ship *Excellent*, already overcrowded, should carry out some of their drills ashore, and a gunner was told off to act as guardian to the island, Blue for the first time in its uneventful history began to attract attention. Blue-jackets busied themselves with bricks and mortar, and a house for the use of this gunner rose from the centre of the island, and was promptly nicknamed "The House that Jack Built." By this name it is still remembered. House that Jack Built. This name it is still remembered. House that Jack Built. This name it is still remembered.

Step by step Whale Island developed from a mere exercise ground to be the headquarters of the Gunner School. To-day the population of Whale Island comprises about a thousand officers and men, and it is still growing in extent in consequence of further dock extensions at Portsmouth. But it has one serious drawback, it lacks sufficient solidity to permit the heavy guns to be fired. There is, by the way, an amusing story told of official red-tapeism in connection with H.M.S. *Excellent*—

Officers of Her Majesty's ships pay no duty on the wines they consume aboard, and when the Admiralty laid it down that Whale Island was not an island—although, as we were taught at school, it is "a piece of land entirely surrounded by water"—but was to be regarded as a warship, an interesting discussion arose with the Customs authorities. They lacked all imagination, and, despite the label on the greenward in white flint stones—"H.M.S. *Excellent*"—they persisted in claiming that the officers should pay duty on their wines, as is done at all other shore establishments. Hence it happens that the wines drunk by the officers of H.M.S. *Excellent* are dearer by a considerable sum than those which refresh the inner man of the thousands of officers of ships which plough the main or are lashed to a quay from year's end to year's end, as are the depot ships in Portsmouth Dockyard.

CODLIN OR SHORT?

Mr. Maurice Low's article in the National on American affairs, brings forward rather forcibly the unpopularity of military service in the States, and suggests that if Congress sanctions the recommendation of the President and increases the army to 100,000 men, there may be difficulty in obtaining recruits. The American soldier is well cared for and extravagantly paid when compared with our Tommy Atkins, but while many men would enlist for service in the United States, they do not care about the prospect of garrison duty in Cuba, Puerto Rico, or the Philippines. Of more interest to us than this though is the statement made to Mr. Low by a leading member of the Senate, to the effect that the injustice of America's attitude in reference to the Philippines presaged the end of the friendship with Russia.

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Unrivalled in Consumption and Bronchial Affections.

"Dr. de Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil possesses greater therapeutic efficacy than any other with which I am acquainted."

It is sold by all Chemists, in Capsuled Imperial Half-pints, 2/6; Pints, 4/9; Quarts, 9/-. See Testimonials surrounding each Bottle.

SOLE CONSIGNERS: ANSAR, HARFORD & CO., Ltd., 210, High Holborn, London.

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For Furniture, Brown Boots, Patent Leather, Oil

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6A, NEW CAVENDISH ST. ONLY ADDRESS OF ORIGINAL CARTER.

LITERARY MACHINE

For holding a book or writing desk in any position over an easy chair, bed or sofa, obviating fatigue and stooping. Invaluable to Invalids and Students. Prices from 17/6.

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Adjustable Bath Chair or Spinal Carriage

Spinal Carriages.

Bath Chairs for Hand or Pony

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CREME SIMON

Mrs ADELINA PATTI says: "I have found it very good indeed."

For all irritations of the skin it is unequalled. Chaps, Redness, Roughness, disappear as if by magic. Price: 1/3, 2/6, and 4/- per Pot.

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Chemists, Hairdressers, Perfumers and Stores.

BE SURE

In the Chancery Division recently, Mr. Justice Chitty, on the application of Mr. Lewis Edmunds, Q.C. granted a perpetual injunction, with costs, against a West Kensington Draper for passing off imitation Curls and representing them as Hinde's.



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Imparts an exquisitely keen edge to the razor, keeping it bright, clean, and in perfect order; delicately perfumed; does not get dry; requires no greasy additions. Cakes 6d. and 1s. of all Chemists and Hairdressers.

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Flexible, suitable to the hollow-ground Razor. No. 1, 12in. Strop, 3s. 6d.; No. 2, handsome leather-covered Strop, highly finished, 6s. 6d.

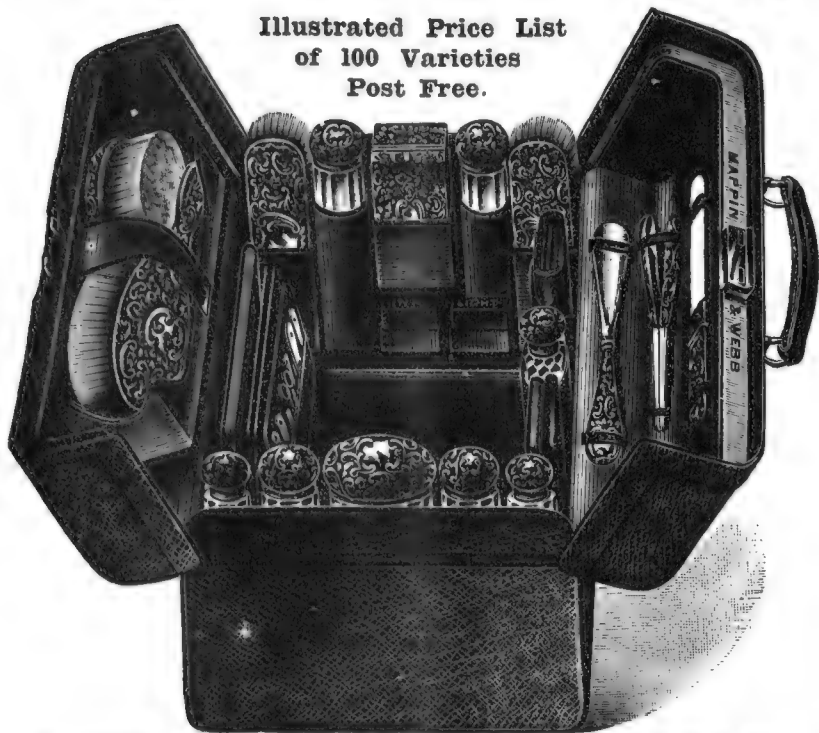
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(1898.)

POOL. Rule xxi.—When your Player is in Hand it must always be

— Player's Navy Cut. —



*Smoke
Player's Navy Cut.*

Sold only in 1oz. Packets, and 2oz., 4oz., 8oz., and 1lb. Tins.

MILD.—IN RED PACKETS AND TINS.
MEDIUM.—IN BLUE PACKETS AND TINS.

RICH IN NUTRITIVE PROPERTIES.

"D.C.L." MALT EXTRACT.



The Distillers Company, Ltd., Edinburgh, are also the Sole Makers of the Celebrated

**'D.C.L.'
YEAST.**

Superior to all Baking Powders for making Bread, Buns, Cakes, &c. Book-let full of interesting information sent post free.

"THE ARMY'S BEST RECRUITER."

"D.C.L." MALT EXTRACT may be briefly described as a FOOD of the highest order of excellence for Nursing Mothers, Young Children, Invalids, and all others who are weakly or who suffer from Dyspepsia. In such cases it is strongly recommended by the medical faculty on account of its recuperative power and generally wholesome and nutritive properties. It can also be obtained combined with Cod Liver Oil, and in this form is highly recommended as a fortifier of the system against cold.

Adequate Sample Bottle sent on receipt of 3 Stamps to defray Postage and Packing. Can be had from all Chemists and Grocers. Popular prices, 1/-, 1/6, and 4/6 per Bottle. Do not take a substitute.

"D.C.L." is the Cheapest as well as the Best.

Sole Manufacturers: THE DISTILLERS CO., LTD., EDINBURGH.

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HARLENE FOR THE HAIR

THE GREAT

HAIR PRODUCER AND RESTORER.

The Very Finest Dressing. Specially Prepared and Perfumed.
Fragrant and Refreshing.

A LUXURY AND A NECESSITY TO EVERY MODERN TOILET.

Restores the Hair
Promotes the Growth
Arrests the Fall
Strengthens the Roots

Preserves the Hair
Renders it Beautifully Soft
Removes Dandruff
Allays all Irritation

WITHOUT A RIVAL.



AVOID IMITATIONS.

"HARLENE" Produces Luxuriant Hair, Prevents its Falling Off and Turning Grey. Unequalled for Promoting the Growth of the Beard and Moustache.

THE WORLD-RENOVED REMEDY FOR BALDNESS.

For Curing Weak and Thin Eyelashes, Preserving, Strengthening, and Rendering the Hair Beautifully Soft. For Removing Scurf, Dandruff, &c.; also for

RESTORING GREY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOUR IT IS WITHOUT A RIVAL.

"HARLENE" Preserves, Strengthens, and Invigorates Children's Hair. Keeps the Scalp Clean, and Allays all Irritation.

Full Description and Directions for Use in 20 Languages supplied with every Bottle. 1s., 2s. 6d., and (triple 2s. 6d. Size) 4s. 6d. per Bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores all over the World; or sent direct on receipt of Postal Order.

EDWARDS' 'HARLENE' CO., 95 & 96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

THE GRAPHIC

Rural Notes

THE RAINFALL OF 1898

DECEMBER was a rather wetter month than usual, the rainfall as measured by us being 3.15 inches against 2.28 inches on December, 1897, and 2.07 on the average of December for a period of twenty-five years. The difference from the mean was not extraordinary, however, and therefore the heavy deficiency to which we called attention at the end of November is not materially reduced. The year's entire rainfall was 19.10 inches only, and this is the lowest of at all liberal rainfall were December, October and May. The springs and wells are naturally very low, and it is to be feared that the fertility of the past year can scarcely be expected to characterise the approaching season. A wet January and February would not be popular, but it would, undoubtedly, be timely even though it delayed spring sowings and led to a precarious growth of the autumn wheat. Perhaps the worst of abnormal weather events is that subsequent trouble is practically certain. If the abnormality continues we have a crisis and disaster, while much is necessarily disturbed in the effort of nature to "right the ship."

CORN PRICES

It is a difficult thing to answer with a clear yes or no the ordinary question addressed to a country visitor by his London cousins, "Is farming now paying its way?" Nor does the answer become much easier on the inquiry being limited to corn. Wheat is at 27s. 2d. against 34s. 1d. a year ago, but then the crop is much larger, and a big crop seldom goes with a big price. Barley is at 28s. 5d. against 26s. 4d., oats is at exactly the same price as they were a year ago. The barley crop would at least appear to be paying its way, but even this we dare not answer off hand, for the 26s. 4d. of December, 1897, was evidently too low and was followed by a decline in the acreage under cultivation. Barley certainly paid its way in 1890 and 1891 when the average for the whole year was respectively 28s. 8d. and 28s. 2d. per qr. It as surely was not paying its way in 1895 and 1896 when 22s. and 22s. 11d. were quoted. If it were possible to draw the line at any precise figure we should be disposed to say that 30s. wheat would just pay; barley at 27s. and oats at 17s. The price of oats is now 17s. exactly. But these figures can only be given, even hypothetically, on the basis of an average yield to the acre, which the Government define as 2,910 bushels to the hundred-acre farm in the case of wheat, 3,297 bushels for barley, and 3,851 bushels for oats. Now the yields of 1898 were, wheat 3,474 bushels, barley 3,575 bushels, and oats 4,076 bushels, each to the hundred-acre unit. The good yields of 1898 probably make even growing moderately profitable.

FOREIGN MILK

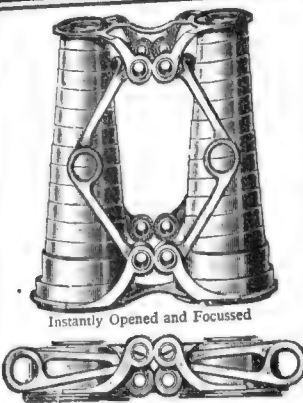
That is as much as we can say. Rye, which is fetching 26s., beans at 36s., and peas worth up to 76s. for the best marrow fat, are all items which may clearly be written of as paying the producer; but hops, linseed, and potatoes are very doubtfully profitable this season, and fruit almost certainly has been grown at a loss.

The avenging of Fashoda has begun, and the attack is all the more dangerous for its taking an apparently slight form. The French are invading the dairy, and are disestablishing the English milkman. Every week there arrives at Southampton an increasingly large supply of fresh milk from France, which, with the addition of the preservatives like boracic acid, is made to go the rounds of the London suburbs on the day after its arrival. It is excellent milk, and not adulterated with anything but the preservative. When we hear of a single West End firm taking fifty churns a day we may judge what degree of development this trade has already taken. This attack on England comes significantly enough from the old quarter, Normandy. That vigorous writer on agriculture, "Merlin," asks is the sale of French milk fair "when every householder regards the milk delivered at his door as new milk, the product of the English farm?" Well, it is not fair, but we have no high hopes of patriotism in the purchaser. It is surprising how the middle classes in England and even the well-to-do artisans have taken to foreign cheese, many of them preferring it to English.



Instant relief for skin-tortured babies, and rest for tired parents, in a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, and a single anointing with CUTICURA, the great skin cure, the only permanent, safe, and speedy treatment for the most distressing of itching, burning, bleeding, and scaly affections of the skin and scalp.

Sold everywhere. British depot: F. NEWBURY, LONDON. PORTER D. & C. CO., Sole Props., Boston, U.S.A.



THE "AITCHISON" PATENT POCKET BINOCULAR FIELD CLASS. No. 1, Achromatic, 6 Lenses, £3 : 3 : 0 No. 2, Achromatic, 12 Lenses, £5 : 5 : 0 Complete in Soft Leather Purse Case. Hard Leather Sling Case, 5s. extra. POST FREE TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD.

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THE "ALUMINIUM" CADET. Finest Lenses, Splendid Definition, £3 : 3 : 0

Our own London make throughout. This is the Regulation Naval "Cadet" Telescope, made in Aluminium. Only weighs 12 oz., and is the handiest Telescope yet produced.

FINISHED IN BROWN CROCODILE LEATHER BRIGHT POLISHED TUBES & MOUNTS Carriage Paid any part of Great Britain and Ireland.

5/- extra for carriage and packing to other parts of Europe.

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MR. AITCHISON may be consulted on all matters connected with Defective Eyesight.

THE SUN, April 21 last, in an article on the Treatment of Defective Eyesight, says:—

"Mr. Aitchison gave our representative a practical illustration of his system of Sight-Testing, which, having had experience of methods used elsewhere, we can describe as being the most perfect in existence, yet so skilful and simple as not to upset even the most nervous child."

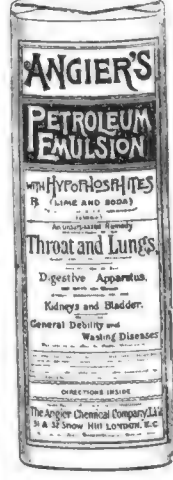
SPECTACLES & EYEGLASSES At most Moderate Prices. ARTIFICIAL EYES SKILFULLY FITTED.

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CIGARES DE JOY

(Joy's Cigarettes) Immediately Relieve ASTHMA, WHEEZING, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS Chemists & Stores, box of 35, 2s. 6d. or Post Free from WILCOX, 83, Mortimer St., London, W. TRIAL SAMPLE FREE.

Influenza and Afterwards.



In no other class of cases has Angier's Emulsion shown so much power for good. It quickly relieves the obstinate cough, soothes and heals the inflamed membranes, and prevents the formation of chronic lung disease. The hypophosphites also give vigour to the nervous system, quickly overcoming the depression and exhaustion which so commonly follow this disease. Angier's Emulsion is pleasant to take, promotes appetite, aids digestion, and agrees with the most delicate stomach.

Prescribed by the Medical Profession.

CAUTION.—Ours is the original Petroleum Emulsion. It is made with a special oil obtained from particular wells and carefully purified by our own process. Imitations made with ordinary petroleum cannot have the same effect. Be sure to get ANGIER'S.

Of Chemists, 2/9 & 4/6. A FREE SAMPLE on receipt of 3d. for postage.

THE ANGIER CHEMICAL CO., LTD., 31 SNOW HILL, LONDON, E.C.

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The above is the latest development of "The Gun of the Period," fitted with the newest and best ejector, combined with G. E. Lewis's treble grip, from 20 to 40 guineas; other ejectors from 16 guineas; non-ejectors from 10 guineas. Send 6 stamps for illustrated catalogue, 200 pp. of actual stock for 1898. Our stock of sporting guns, rifles, and revolvers is the largest in England. Anything on approval on deposit.

ROOK RIFLES .220, .297-.230, .297-.250, .303-.360 and .380 bores, from 30s. to 8 guineas. Hammerless, 8, 10, and 12 guineas. Miniature COLONIAL GUN, rifle barrel, .380 bore, with extra interchangeable shot barrel, .410, 32 or 28 bores, from 5 to 10 guineas; this is a splendid weapon for rooks, rabbits, and small birds. FARMERS' GUNS, English hand-made barrels, left choke, reload low hammer locks, snap fore-end, 5 guineas; the best value in the trade.

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PERFECTED COD LIVER OIL.

THE "Perfected" Cod-liver Oil is manufactured from FRESH and SELECTED LIVERS of the Cod Fish, caught at ALLEN & HANBURY'S factories in Norway. By the special process employed all nauseous oxidation products are avoided, and the "PERFECTED" Oil can be borne and digested when other Cod-liver Oils are refused.

NOTICE.

ALLEN & HANBURY'S desire to state, as emphatically as possible, that their "Perfected" Cod-liver Oil is never supplied in bulk to be bottled by retail dealers, and that no Cod-liver Oil is represented as being their Perfected is genuine unless sold in their original packages and bearing their Signature in white across the label, and their Trade Mark—a Plough.

Frequent misrepresentations render this caution necessary.

AFTER

the hot enervating weather of the past few months tired Nature requires

A CHANGE.

In other words, the APPETISING, DIGESTIVE, EXHILARATING addition of
CORDON & DILWORTH'S TOMATO CATSUP

on the Luncheon and Dinner Table.

HOUSEWIVES! NEVER FAIL

to use this delicious Catsup (but be sure it is **GORDON & DILWORTH'S original**). Soups, Gravies, Made Dishes, &c., &c., are simply improved beyond description by the addition of

CORDON & DILWORTH'S TOMATO CATSUP

MADE FROM WHOLE FRESH TOMATOES.

Stimulates, and makes you Fresh and Bright.

Used by the Royal Family.

SIXPENCE and ONE SHILLING per Bottle.

Small Sample Bottle free by Post on receipt of 2d. to cover postage.

Please name "THE GRAPHIC."

If any difficulty in obtaining, write—
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36 to 40, York Rd., King's
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OR TO

WILLIAM TAYLOR & SON,
Elm Row, Edinburgh.

Stores and all Grocers will supply.



ENORMOUS PRIZE — SCHEME

For January, February, and March, 1899.

WATSON'S MATCHLESS CLEANSER.
12,000 or more Handsome Prizes, Value over **£5,000**

LIST OF PRIZES TO BE COMPETED FOR EACH MONTH:

1 Cash Prize of £100	100 0 0	COLLECT
4 Cash Prizes of £25	100 0 0	
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20 Sewing Machines, value £5 each	100 0 0	
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100 Cash Prizes of £1 each	100 0 0	
200 Cash Prizes of 10s. each	100 0 0	YOUR
200 Ladies Umbrellas, value 10s. each	100 0 0	
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400 Ladies Umbrellas, value 5s. each	100 0 0	
2,000 Boxes of our famous "Nubolic Soap," packed in fancy boxes containing 18 12-oz. Tablets, value 4s. per box	400 0 0	
1,000 Pictures of the famous "Charge of the Light Brigade," in gilt frame, value 4s. each	200 0 0	
4,382	per month	£1,749 0 0

CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION.

Cut off the top portion of wrapper, with the words Watson's Matchless Cleanser, and send, postage or carriage paid, to Joseph Watson and Sons, Limited, Whitehall Soap Works, Leeds, not later than either January 31st, February 28th, or March 31st. If the wrappers arrive after these dates they will count for the following month's competition, and if they arrive after April 2nd, they will be valueless. If any parcel arrives postage or carriage not being paid, the parcel will be refused. Be careful to see that the full postage is paid. The prizes will be awarded in above order to the senders of the highest number of wrappers. The wrappers must be in bundles of 50, and each parcel must contain the full name and address of sender, and the number of wrappers sent must be marked on the same paper. The packages must be marked on the outside "Prize Competition." The wrappers of unsuccessful competitors will be added to those sent in by them in the following month. A list giving result of competition will be enclosed with each prize, when it is sent out. All possible speed in counting the wrappers will be made, and Joseph Watson and Sons, Limited, hope they will be able to despatch all prizes not later than the 21st day of the month following the competition. The decision of J. Watson and Sons, Limited, to be final. Every wrapper must have first contained soap. No employee of Joseph Watson and Sons, Limited, will be eligible.

WATSON'S MATCHLESS CLEANSER

has the Largest Sale of FULL-WEIGHT 1-lb. TABLETS in the World, and has proved itself to be one of the best Soaps ever used. Sold by all Grocers, Oilmen, and Co-operative Stores throughout the United Kingdom.

"THE COCK OF THE WALK"



OLD GOLD

— CIGARETTES —



THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR. Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour. IS NOT a dye.
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST OR HAIRDRESSER FOR
THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER,
Price 3s. 6d. per Bottle.



**Carter's
Little
Liver**



Is. 11d.
at Chemists.

Pills Cure all Liver ills.

Exact size and shape of Package.



Wrapper printed blue on white.

Cure Torpid Liver, Sallow Complexion,
Bilious Headache.

BUT BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are sometimes counterfeited. It is not enough to ask for "Little Liver Pills"; CARTER'S is the important word, and should be observed on the outside wrapper, otherwise the pills within cannot be genuine.
Do not take any nameless "Little Liver Pills" that may be offered.
But be sure they are CARTER'S.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

SWAN FOUNTAIN PEN

Made in 3 Sizes at

10/6, 16/6, & 25/-

Up to 18 Guineas, post free.

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A DELICIOUS LIQUEUR
AND A SPLENDID DIGESTIVE.

Samples free from the Sole Agents—
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Delicious, Nutritive, Digestible.

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INFANTS,
INVALIDS, AND THE AGED.**

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"F. COSTER."

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when all other
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BENER'S FOOD is sold in TINS
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Never Fails.
**Established
24 YEARS.**

Have you a Cough?
A DOSE WILL RELIEVE IT.

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A DOSE AT BEDTIME WILL REMOVE IT.

Try it also for

Bronchitis, Asthma, Influenza,
Whooping-Cough, Consumption.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR

**Owbridge's
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BE SURE YOU GET IT.

"I cannot refrain from sending you a line of testimony to the good I have received from your Lung Tonic. For some years I had suffered with a most awful cough . . . Your Tonic has effected a perfect cure."

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"I am sending a few lines to say what a grand medicine the Lung Tonic is for Asthma. I have had Asthma about 20 years, and after taking two bottles I feel quite a new man."

W. BEEDELL, 21, Thames Street, St. Peter.

Prepared by
W. T. OWBRIDGE, Chemist, Hull,
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in bottles, at 1s. 11d., 2s. 9d.,
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Enriches Soups, Stews, Chops, Steaks, Fish, etc.

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THE GRAPHIC, JANUARY 7, 1899

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